

Buffalo Sunday Evangelistic Campaign Chorus

CHORUS No.3

Chorus No. 3 sings (Male chorus) Thursday evenings and Sunday
afternoons and evenings

NAME Victor F. Kridler CHORUS 3

ADDRESS 1102 E. 1st SECTION 7

TELEPHONE _____ SEAT 221

CHURCH _____ PART I SING Berilone

IN ACCEPTING THIS SERVICE

I promise to be faithful in the work of the chorus
during the Sunday meetings. When impossible
for me to be present I will do my best to secure
someone who sings my part to sing in my place.

**Paste this PASS in your song-book and always show it to the door-
keeper and usher.**

Rodeheaver Collection For Male Voices

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY QUARTETS
AND CHORUSES FOR MEN

Consisting of

Gospel Songs—new and old—the popular songs used
in the “Billy” Sunday Campaigns; many adaptations
from Standard Authors; old familiar
hymns, newly arranged; secular
songs; Plantation melodies;
Prohibition songs
and special
selections.

Edited and compiled by
DR. J. B. HERBERT

Prices: 50c per copy, postpaid
4 copies, \$1.75, postpaid
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THE RODEHEAVER COMPANY

440 S. Dearborn St.
Chicago

807 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

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Publishers'

Preface

THE RODEHEAVER COLLECTION FOR MALE VOICES contains new quartets, new choruses, new arrangements, new adaptations, gospel songs, original and selected, old favorites, standard hymns, a secular department, Prohibition songs, Plantation melodies and special selections. Besides the compositions and arrangements by the Editor, there are contributions by Rodeheaver, Gabriel, Towner, Ackley, Fillmore, Bottorf, Black and others. A striking feature of this work is the large number of arrangements and adaptations from standard authors, such as Abt, Ascher, Bishop, Barnby, Chopin, Gottschalk, Kücken, Lassen, Pinsuti, Tosti and Wallace; also from familiar Welsh, Irish, French and German airs. Some of the choicest hymn tunes and old favorites of Mason, Bradbury, Hastings, Woodbury, Root, Bliss and others are also incorporated in this work.

The insertion of a number of Plantation songs, so arranged as to preserve their original characteristics, is a new departure in books of this class and one, we believe, which will be received with favor.

To furnish still further variety, a department of secular selections has been added, including a few well-chosen Prohibition songs. The work closes with selections suitable for concerts and special occasions.

This collection, the Publishers confidently believe, will be found to contain a wider range of subjects and a greater variety in musical setting than any other work heretofore offered to the public.

THE RODEHEAVER COMPANY

The Rodeheaver Collection

for

Male Voices

1

Heaven Is My Home.

Rev. Thos. R. Taylor.

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Abt, arr.

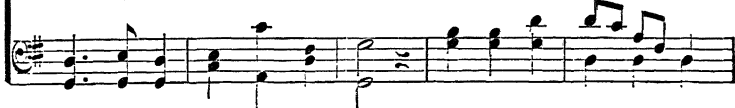
Melody in Baritone.



1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What tho' the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my
3. There, at my Sav - ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my



des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan - ger and sor - row stand
pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home; And time's wild win - 'try blast
glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest,
earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home: And I shall sure - ly stand



Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.
Soon shall be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
There at my Lord's righthand; Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.



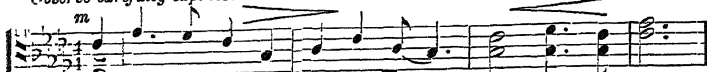
I Love Thy Word.

MALE VOICES.


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Homer A. Rodeheaver.

Psalm 119.

Observe carefully expression marks.


1. Thy word have I hid in my heart, I love Thy word;
2. Thy law to me is bet-ter far, I love Thy word;
3. Howsweet are all Thy words of truth, I love Thy word;
4. Thy word's a lamp un - to my feet, I love Thy word;



O Lord, Thou ev - er bless - ed art, I love Thy word.
Than rich - est gold and sil - ver are, I love Thy word.
Than hon - ey sweet - er to my mouth, I love Thy word.
And to my path a shin - ing light, I love Thy word.



I love Thy word; Thy ho - ly law is
I love Thy word..... Thy word;
I love Thy word;

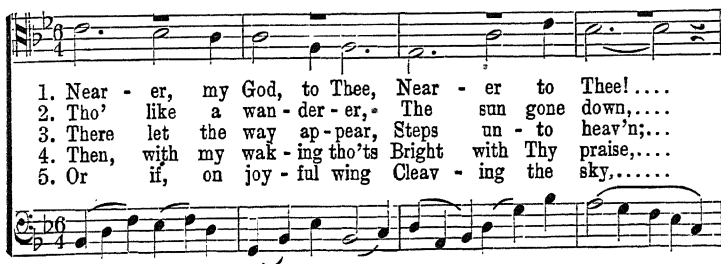


my de - light; I love Thy word, I love Thy word.

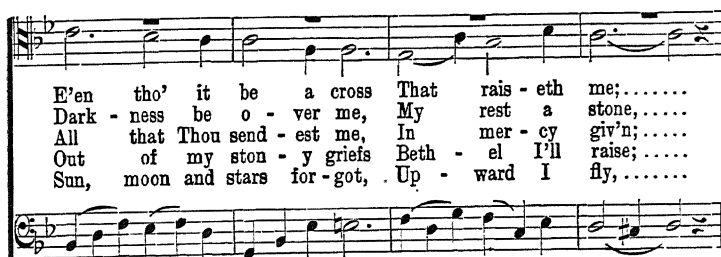
*Last time, hum two closing measures.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.Lowell Mason.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.


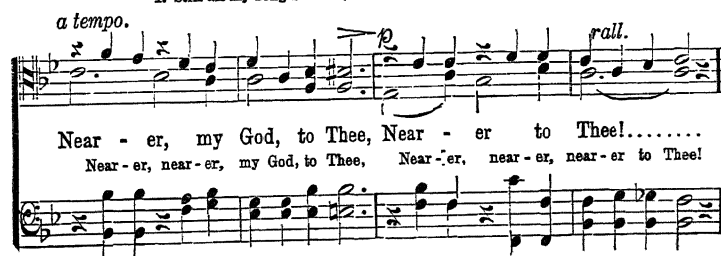
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!....
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,....
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;...
 4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise,....
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky,.....



E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;.....
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,....
 All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n;....
 Out of my ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise;....
 Sun, moon and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly,.....



mf Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
 An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
 So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
 Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee;.....
 1. Still all my song shall be,..... Nearer, my God, to Thee, to Thee;.....



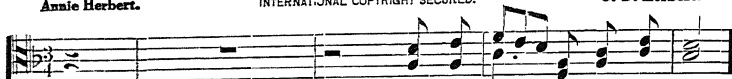
a tempo. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!.....
 Near - er, near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, near - er, near - er to Thee!

When the Mists Have Rolled Away.


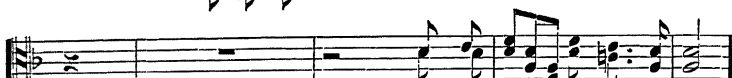
Annie Herbert.

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J. B. Herbert.




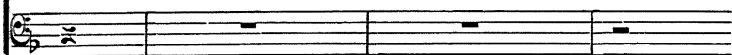
1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu-man blind-ness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,

And the sun - shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness, When we strug-gle to be just;
Face to face with those who love us, We shall know as we are known;





p We may read love's shin-ing let-ter In the rain-bow
Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the an-guish
Low be-yond the ori-ent mead-ows, Floats the gold-en

cres.

of the spray; We shall know each oth-er bet-ter, When the
of to-day; When the wear-y watch is o-ver, And the
fringe of day; Heart to heart we'll bide the shad-ows, Till the

ff *dim e rit.*

mists have rolled a - way, When the mists have rolled a - way.
mists have rolled a - way, And the mists have rolled a - way.
mists have rolled a - way, Till the mists have rolled a - way.




In Heavenly Love.

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Lassen.
Arr'd for this work.

p

1. In heav-en-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wherev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

m *p*

And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing changes here.
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been.

m *cres.* *f*

The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can - not mea - sure, My path to life is free,

rall.

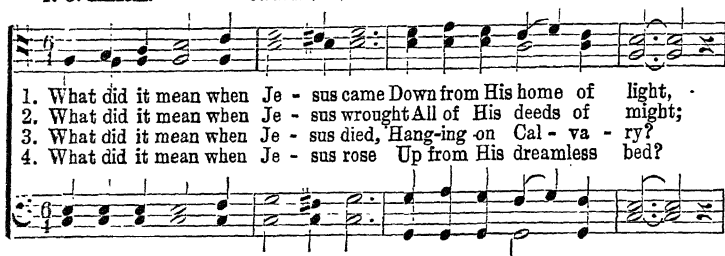
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - ior has my treas-ure, And He will walk with me.

What Did It Mean?

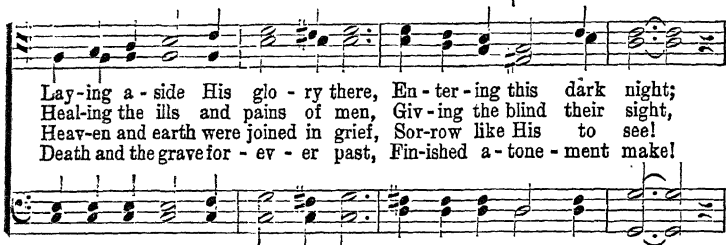
T. O. Chisholm.

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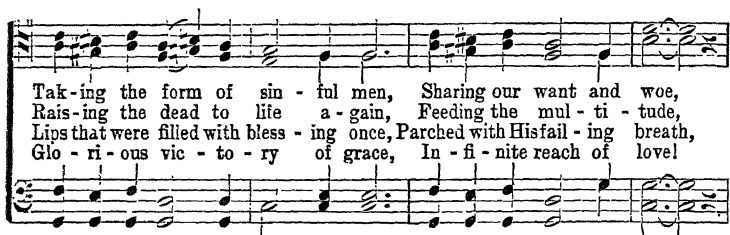
Chas. H. Gabriel.



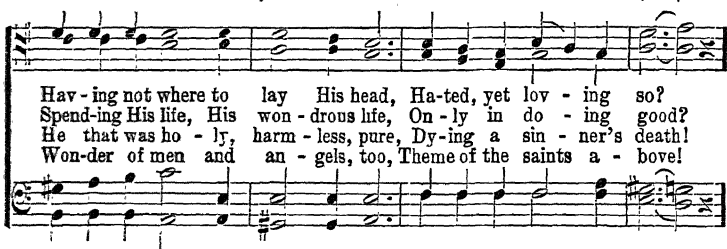
1. What did it mean when Je - sus came Down from His home of light,
 2. What did it mean when Je - sus wrought All of His deeds of might;
 3. What did it mean when Je - sus died, Hang-ing on Cal - va - ry?
 4. What did it mean when Je - sus rose Up from His dreamless bed?



Lay-ing a - side His glo - ry there, En - ter - ing this dark night;
 Heal-ing the ills and pains of men, Giv-ing the blind their sight,
 Heav-en and earth were joined in grief, Sor-row like His to see!
 Death and the grave for - ev - er past, Fin-ish-ed a - tone - ment make!

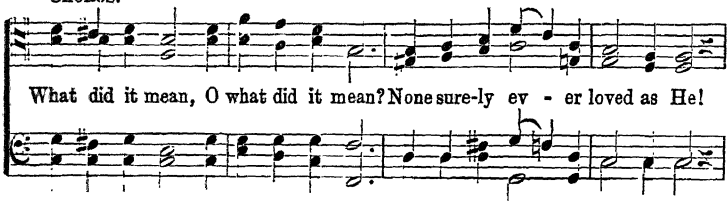


Tak-ing the form of sin - ful men, Sharing our want and woe,
 Rais-ing the dead to life a - gain, Feed-ing the mul - ti - tude,
 Lips that were filled with bless - ing once, Parched with His fail - ing breath,
 Glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry of grace, In - fi - nite reach of love!



Hav - ing not where to lay His head, Ha-ted, yet lov - ing so?
 Spend-ing His life, His won - drous life, On - ly in do - ing good?
 He that was ho - ly, harm - less, pure, Dy-ing a sin - ner's death!
 Won - der of men and an - gels, too, Theme of the saints a - bove!

CHORUS.



What did it mean, O what did it mean? None sure-ly ev - er loved as He!

What Did It Mean?

What did it mean to Je - sus my Lord, And what does it mean to me?

7

A Little While.

Adapted by Jennie Ree.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A lit - tle while to gath - er flow'rs That blos - som in life's morning
2. A lit - tle while, and we may weep O'er forms grown cold in death's cold
3. A lit - tle while to toil and strive Where 'mid the wheat, the tares may
4. A lit - tle while, and we may meet Where ransomed souls each oth - er

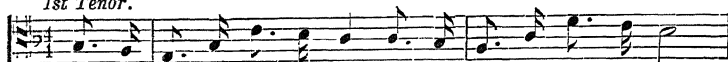
hours; A lit - tle while to dream a - way The glo - ries
sleep; A lit - tle while to pray and mourn Where friends from
thrive; A lit - tle while— and then shall I Be - neath the
greet; A lit - tle while, and an - gels fair, With songs shall

of the bright spring day, A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
love's strong arms are torn, — A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
droop - ing wil - lows lie — A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.
make us welcome there — A lit - tle while, A lit - tle while.

Alice Horton.
1st Tenor.

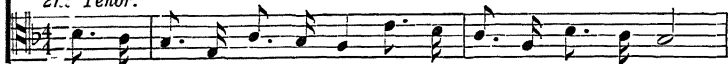
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James M. Black.



1. { When the shad-ows dark and drear tempt my soul to doubt and fear,
He has kept me thro' the years, wiped a - way my bit - ter tears,
2. { O how sweet the joy He gives for with - in my soul He lives;
All the bless - ed way a - long, He has filled my soul with song,
3. { I, by faith, the face can see, of the Lord who died for me,
I will praise Him ev - er - more, shout His glo - ry o'er and o'er,

2nd Tenor.



1st and 2nd Tenor.



I will look to Je - sus, for He knows the way:

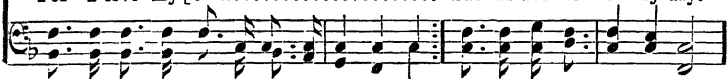
And I love my [Omit.....] Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.

All my heav - y bur - den at His feet I lay;

And I love my [Omit.....] Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.

As He gen - tly whis - pers to me by the way;

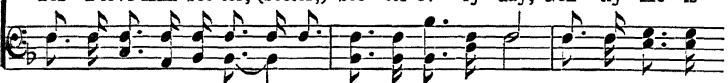
For I love my [Omit.....] Sav-ior bet-ter ev - 'ry day.



CHORUS.



Yes I love Him bet-ter, (better,) bet - ter ev - 'ry day; Gen - tly He is



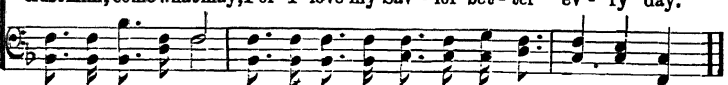
lead-ing o-ver life's rough way;

and pa-tient - ly,

I will trust Him ev - er, (ev - er)



trust Him, come what may, For I love my Sav - ior bet - ter ev - 'ry day.





When the Book is Opened.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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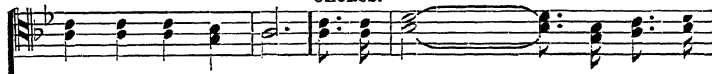
Ken G. Bottorf.

- 
1. When the book is o-pen-ed on the last great day, Will your heart be
 2. When the trump is sound-ing thro' the flam-ing skies, When from heav'n the
 3. When the book is o-pen-ed and the re-cord read, Will the Christ stand




glad with-in; Will your name be writ-ten on the dear Lord's side, Or a-
Judge descends; Will you stand with those who have-re-ject-ed Him, Or a-
by your side; Say-ing, "Right-eous Fa-ther, give to me my own; For this

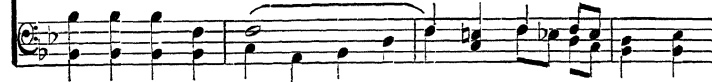
CHORUS.




mong the hosts of sin? I shall see..... Him with re-
mong His loy-al friends?
soul I bled and died!" I shall see Him with re-



joic-ing, A song of praise I'll sing;..... My name is
joic-ing, then, I'll sing,..... I'll sing,



A song of praise I'll sing, I'll sing,



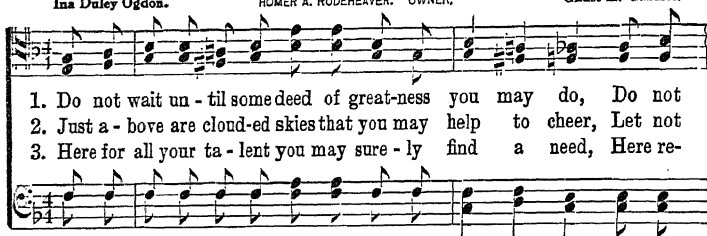
writ-ten in the Book of Life, And I'm on the side of the King.

10 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

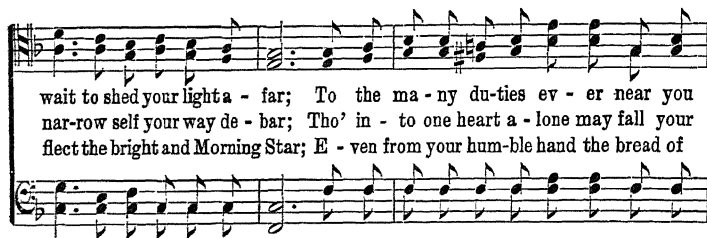
Ina Daley Ogdon.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

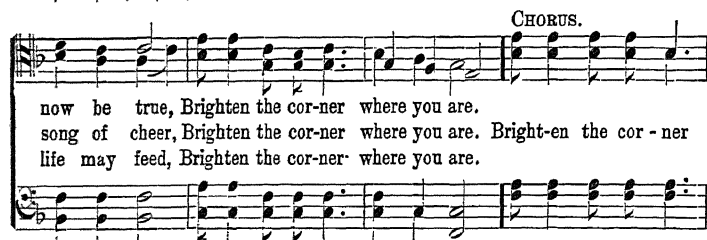


1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are clond-ed skies that you may help to cheer, Let not
3. Here for all your ta - lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-

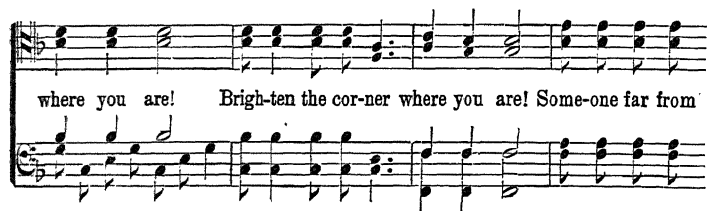


wait to shed your light a - far; To the ma - ny du-ties ev - er near you
nar-row self your way de - bar; Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
flect the bright and Morning Star; E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

CHORUS.

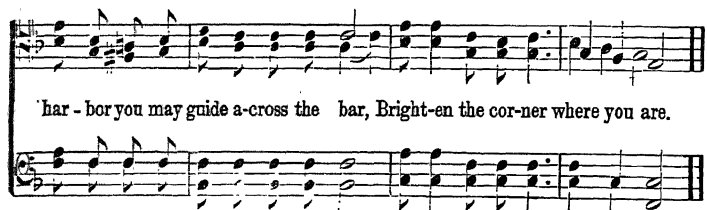


now be true, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor - ner
life may feed, Brighten the cor-ner where you are.



where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some-one far from

Shine for Jesus where you are!



'har - bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

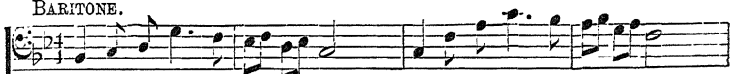
Lest We Forget.

R. Kipling.

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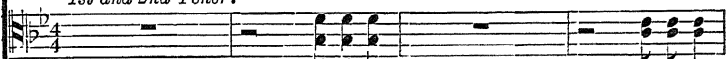
J. B. Herbert.

BARTONE.



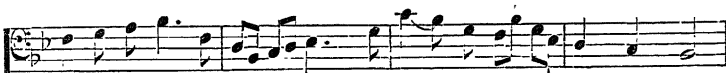
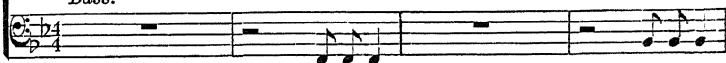
1. God of our fathers, known of old,
2. The tumult and the shouting dies,
3. Far-called our navies melt away,

Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
The captains and the kings depart;
On dune and head-land sinks the fire;

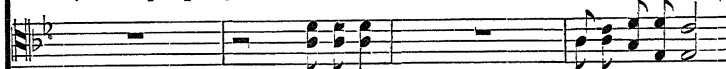
1st and 2nd Tenor.*Bass.*

1. Known of old,
2. Shout-ing dies,
3. Melt a-way,

bat-tle line,
kings de-part;
sinks the fire;



Beneath whose awful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine.
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
Lo, all our pomp of yes-ter-day, Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.

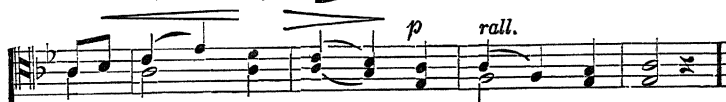


hand we hold
sac-ri-fice
yes-ter-day,

o-ver palm and pine.
and a contrite heart.
Nin-e-veh and Tyre.

*1st and 2nd Tenor.*

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, be with us yet,



Lest we.... for-get,... lest we.... for-get.

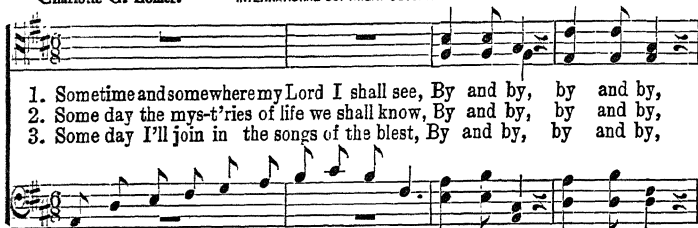


By and By.

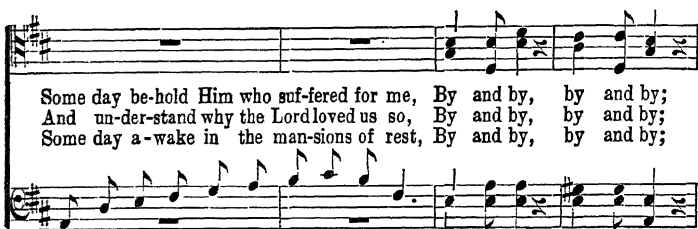
Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Sometime and somewhere my Lord I shall see, By and by, by and by,
 2. Some day the mys-t'ries of life we shall know, By and by, by and by,
 3. Some day I'll join in the songs of the blest, By and by, by and by,



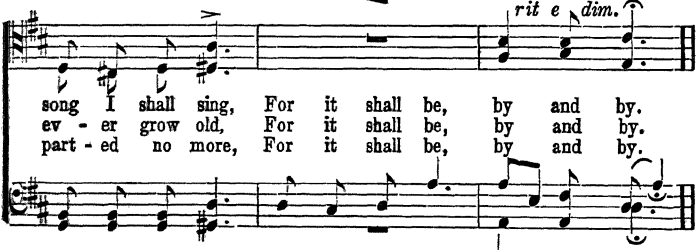
Some day be-hold Him who suf-fered for me, By and by, by and by;
 And un-der-stand why the Lord loved us so, By and by, by and by;
 Some day a-wake in the man-sions of rest, By and by, by and by;



Some day, if faith-ful-ly to Him I cling, Saved by His
 There in His beau-ty His face to be-hold Will be a
 Oh, what a joy to be-hold on the shore, Loved ones who



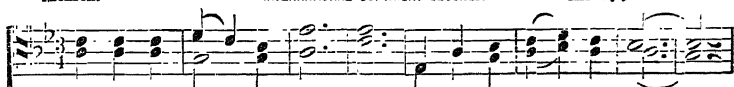
grace, I shall see the great King; Then what a won-der-ful
 glo-ry no mor-tal hath told, There where none sor-row, or
 from us have gone on be-fore, Where we shall meet to be



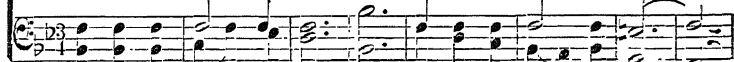
song I shall sing, For it shall be, by and by.
 ev-er grow old, For it shall be, by and by.
 part-ed no more, For it shall be, by and by.

To Thee, Dear Savior.

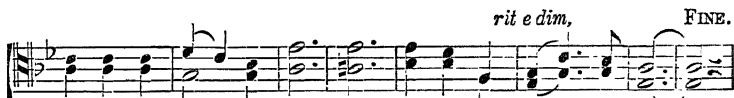
Monsell.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.G. Barnard.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

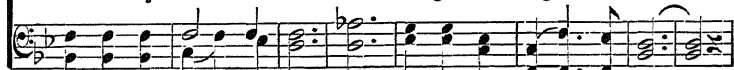
1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - ior, My spir - it turns for rest,
 2. In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies,
 3. A - las, that I should ev - er Have failed in love to Thee,



D.C. O for that choic - est bless - ing Of liv - ing in Thy love,



My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast:
 O Thou whose love pro - vid - eth For all be - neath the skies;
 The on - ly One who nev - er For - got or slight - ed me!

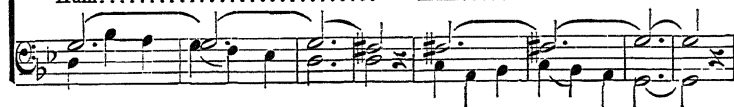


And thus on earth pos - sess - ing The peace of heav'n a - bove!

Tenors and Baritone humming,



Hum..... Hum.....
 Tho' all the world de - cieve me, I know that I am Thine,
 O Thou whose mer - cy found me, From bondage set me free,
 O for a heart to love Thee More tru - ly as I ought,
 Hum..... Hum.....




Hum..... Hum.....
 And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - ior mine....
 And then for - ev - er bound me With three - fold cords to Thee....
 And noth - ing place a - bove Thee In deed, or word, or thought.
 Hum..... Hum.....





Ira Duley Ogdon.

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B. D. Ackley.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.



1. When you my Je - sus un - der - stand, When you ac - cept His
 2. His joy will glad-den ev - 'ry day, His bless-ings shine a -
 3. You'll see His mer - cy thro' your tears, His peace will hal - low
 4. You'll know His way is al - ways best, And glad-ly leave to



lov-ing hand, A hap-py morn will dawn for you, When you know Jesus too.
 long the way, And you will share His promise true, When you know Jesus too.
 all the years, The val - ley hold no dread for you, When you know Jesus too.
 Him the rest, And tell what He has done for you, When you know Jesus too.




CHORUS.



When you know Him, when you know Him You'll love Him just as oth-ers

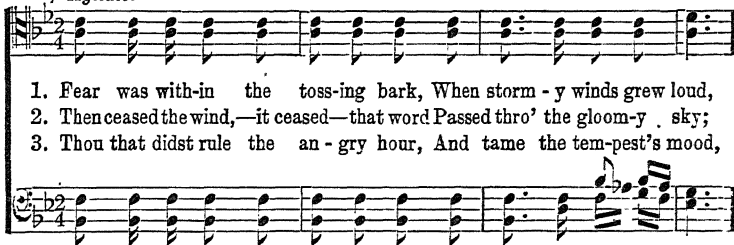
do;..... A happy morn will dawn for you, When you know my Jesus too.
 as oth-ers do;



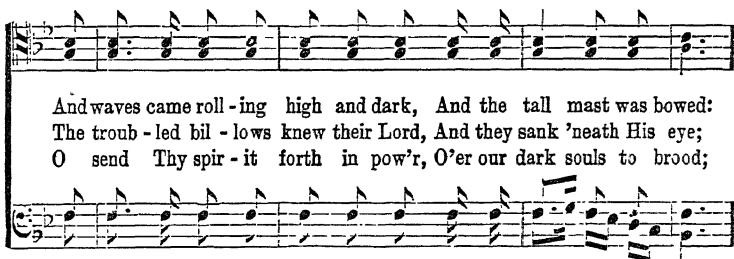
Christ Stilling the Tempest.

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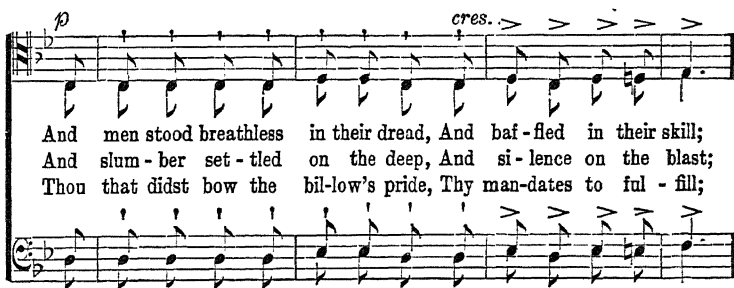
J. B. Herbert.

f Agitato.


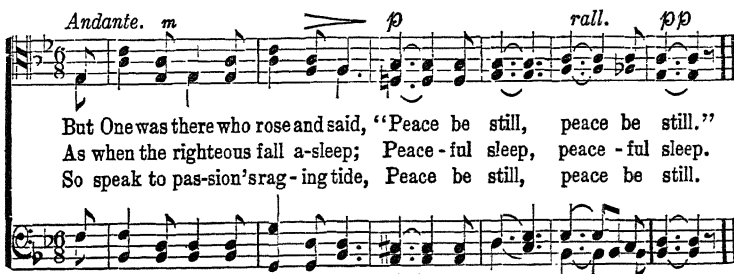
1. Fear was with-in the toss-ing bark, When storm - y winds grew loud,
2. Then ceased the wind,—it ceased—that word Passed thro' the gloom-y sky;
3. Thou that didst rule the an - gry hour, And tame the tem-pest's mood,



And waves came roll-ing high and dark, And the tall mast was bowed:
The troub-led bil-lows knew their Lord, And they sank 'neath His eye;
O send Thy spir-it forth in pow'r, O'er our dark souls to brood;



And men stood breathless in their dread, And baf-fled in their skill;
And slum-ber set-tled on the deep, And si-lence on the blast;
Thou that didst bow the bil-low's pride, Thy man-dates to ful-fill;



But One was there who rose and said, "Peace be still, peace be still."
As when the righteous fall a-sleep; Peace-ful sleep, peace-ful sleep.
So speak to pas-sion's rag-ing tide, Peace be still, peace be still.

Tell It Today.*

C. H. G., Jr.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Dear is the sto-ry of won-der - ful love Told of a Sav-ior, who
 2. Hat - ed, de-spised and re-ject-ed was He Whose word commanded the
 3. Torn were His feet by the bri-ars of scorn; Pierced was His fore-head by
 4. When, with the loved ones who've gone on be-fore, Ransomed we stand on that

came from a-bove, Bore all our sins, and in sor-row and shame, Suffered and
 wind and the sea; By whose compassion the hun-gry were fed, Who healed the
 man - y a thorn; Wounded for us were His hands and His side, Bro-ken the
 beau - ti - ful shore; When in His beau-ty our Sav-ior we see, Oh, what a

CHORUS.

died a lost world to re-claim.
 living, whose voice raised the dead. Tell it to-day, it will brighten the way,
 heart of the Lord cru-ci-fied.
 glo - ri - ous day that will be.

Tell it to - day, tell it to - day; No oth - er theme can such

bless-ing be-stow; Joy will come to some-one if you tell it to-day.

* The baritone part, being the melody, should be decidedly prominent, the other voices singing as an accompaniment, very subdued.

17 O Love that Will Not Let Me Go.

Rev. Geo. Matheson.

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J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor. *mp*

m

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul on
2. O Light that foll'-est all my way, I yield my flick'-ring torch to

2nd Tenor.

3. O Joy that seek-est methro' pain, I can - not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from

1st and 2nd Bass.

mf

dim.

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its
Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its

Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not
Thee; I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms

cres.

flow May rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er full - er be.
day May bright-er, fair - er be, May bright-er fair - er be.

vain That morn shall tearless be, That morn shall tear - less be.
red Life that shall end-less be, Life that shall end - less be.

18 Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

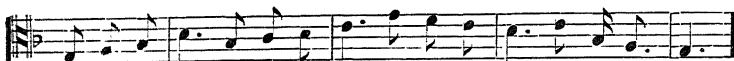
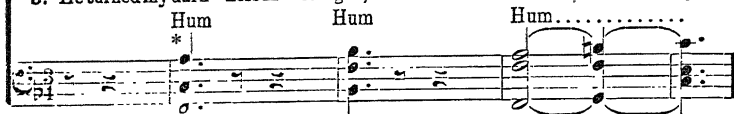
Lizzie DeArmond.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, CWNER

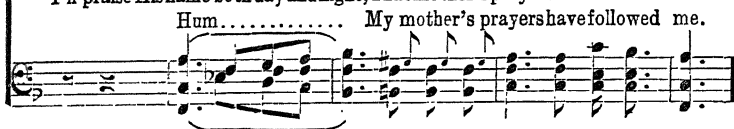
B. D. Ackley.



1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and free,
2. O'er desert wild, o'er mountain high, A wanderer I chose to be,
3. Returned my darkness to light, This blessed Christ of Calvary;



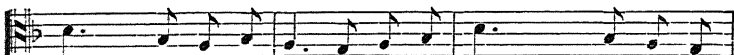
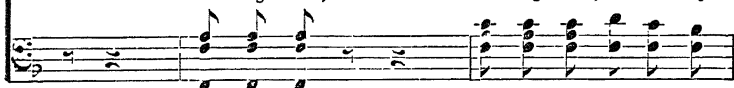
And tho' I wandered far away, My mother's prayers have followed me.
A wretched soul condemned to die, Still mother's prayers have followed me.
I'll praise His name both day and night, That mother's prayers have followed me.



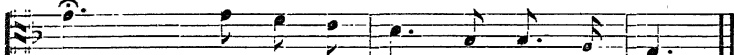
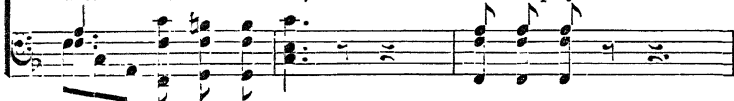
CHORUS.



I'm coming home, I'm coming home, To live my
Coming home, Coming home, To live my



wasted life anew, For mother's prayers have followed
wasted life anew, mother's prayers



me, Have followed me the whole world thro'
followed me, Have followed me the whole world thro'.



*2nd Tenor on bass staff throughout.

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Tosti.

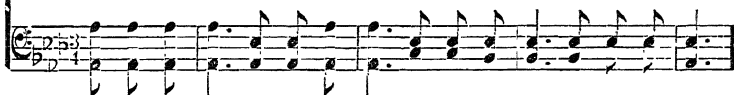
Rev. Johnson Oatman.

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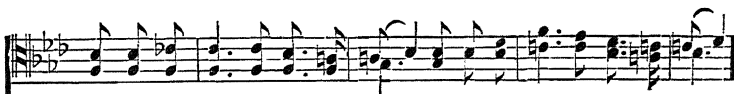
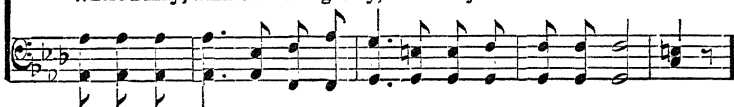
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



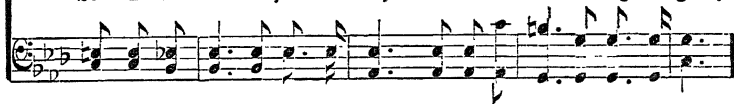
1. My Sav-ior, when I think of Thee, And of Thy death on Cal - va - ry,
2. If shad-ows o'er my way should be, If dark-ness hide Thy face from me,
3. I read that far a - bove the sky, Thou hast a home prepared on high,



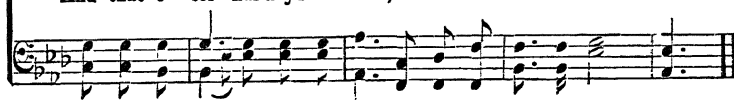
It shows such proof of love to me, My heart is Thine for - ev - er.
 E'en tho' the path I may not see, I'll trust Thee, Lord, for - ev - er.
 Where I may, while the a - ges fly, Praise Thy dear name for - ev - er.



Be Thou my Guide from day to day, O let me nev - er, nev - er stray;
 I know that Thou wilt send me light; That day will sure - ly fol - low night;
 So I will fol - low, fol - low on, Assured that when the night is gone,

*rit e dim.*

Thou art my Light, my Lamp, my Way; I'll fol - low Thee for - ev - er.
 And at the end all will be right; Lord, I'll love Thee for - ev - er.
 And that e - ter - nal day shall dawn, I'll live with Thee for - ev - er.

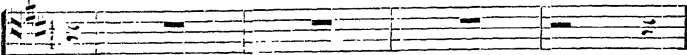


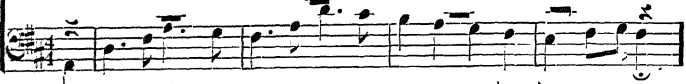
Strong Son of God.

Tennyson.


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J. B. Herbert.


- 
1. Strong Son of God, Im-mor-tal Love, Whom we that have not seen Thy face,
 2. Thou wilt not leave us in the dust; Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 3. Thou seemest human and divine, The highest, noblest manhood, Thou;
 4. Our little systems have their day; They have their day and cease to be;



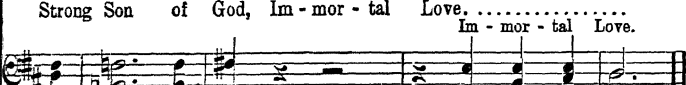
By faith, and faith alone embrace, Be-liev-ing where we can-not prove;
He thinks he was not made to die; And Thou hast made him; Thou art just;
Our wills are ours, we know not how; Our wills are ours to make them Thine;
They are but broken lights of Thee; And Thou, O Lord, are more than they;



After each stanza.



Strong Son of God, Im-mor-tal Love.
Im-mor-tal Love.



Softly Now the Light of Day.

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p *Slow and sustained.*



1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up-on our sight a-way;
2. Soon for us the light of day, Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;



rall. *adagio.*



Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee. A-men.



M. J. C.

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Mable Johnston Camp.



1. Be - hold the Man of Gal-i-lee, Thorn-crown'd He hangs up-on the tree;
2. See how His flesh by nails is torn, Each wound the mark of hate and scorn;
3. The veil is rent, dark grow the skies, "Tis finished!" loud the Saviour cries;
4. O, Sav-iour, when I view Thy cross, All earth-ly gain I count but loss;



Know-ing the depths of ag - o - ny To save me from my sins.
 Yet free - ly shame and death is borne To save me from my sins.
 And heav'n it - self weeps as He dies To save me from my sins.
 Take Thou my heart, purge out the dross, And save me from my sins.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Sav-iour, O, what a name! Je-sus, to-day and for-ev-er the same!



Je-sus, the glo-ry of heaven, who came To die for a sin-ner like me!

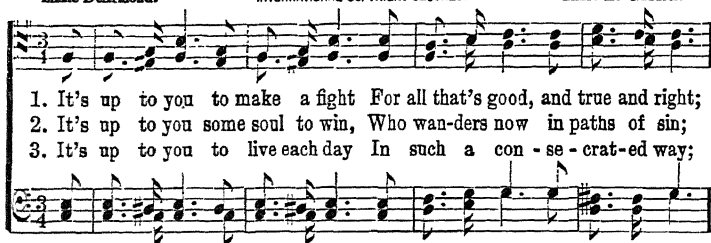


It's Up to You.

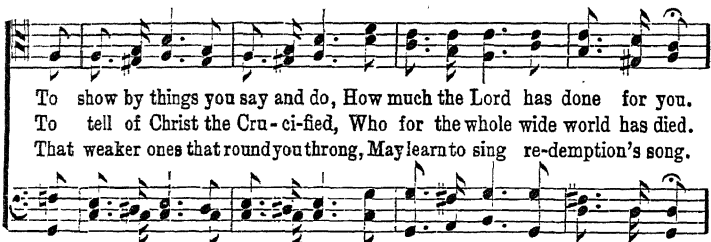
Lizzie DeArmond.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

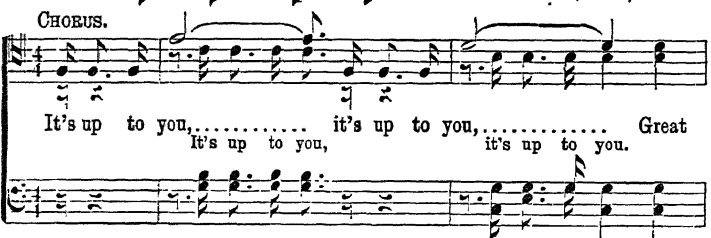


1. It's up to you to make a fight For all that's good, and true and right;
2. It's up to you some soul to win, Who wan-ders now in paths of sin;
3. It's up to you to live each day In such a con - se - crat-ed way;

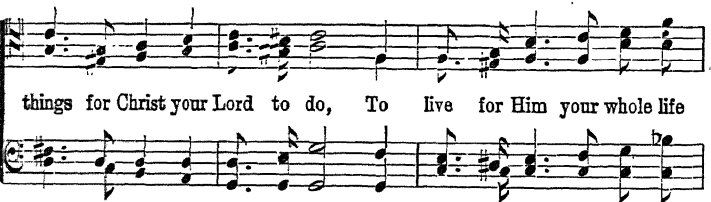


To show by things you say and do, How much the Lord has done for you.
To tell of Christ the Cru-ci-fied, Who for the whole wide world has died.
That weaker ones that round you throng, May learn to sing re-demption's song.

CHORUS.



It's up to you,..... it's up to you,..... Great
It's up to you, it's up to you.



things for Christ your Lord to do, To live for Him your whole life




thro'... It's up to you,..... it's up to you.
It's up to you.

The Crown of Thorns.



John R. Clements.

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Marie D. Forrest.



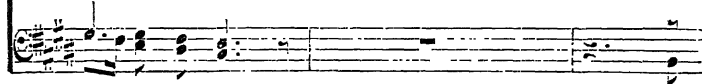

1. De-spised and re-ject-ed; Ac-quaint-ed with grief; In sor-row He
 2. O love all sur-pass-ing, A-maz-ing to see; To bear un-com-
 3. Like sheep we have wandered; Each turned to his way; The Lord on the
 4. O sad Man of Sor-rows, So lit-tle esteemed; In an-guish more


suf-ered To bring man re-lief; His path-way was sor-rows, His
 plaining These sor-rows for me; His path-way was sor-rows, His
 Shepherd The bur-dens must lay; His path-way was sor-rows, His
 try-ing Than mor-tal has dreamed; His path-way was sor-rows, His

pil-low was thorns, And those make the crown that His fore-head a-
 His

dorns, And those make the crown that His fore-head a-dorns.
 head a-dorns,



O The Bitter Shame.

Theodore Monod.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. O the bit - ter shame and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be,
 2. Yet He found me; I be-held Him Bleed-ing on th' accursed tree,
 3. Day by day His ten-der mer - cy, Heal-ing, help-ing, full and free,
 4. High-er than the high-est heav-en, Deep-er than the deep-est sea,

When I let the Savior's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud-ly answered,
 Heard Him pray, Forgive them, Father! And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly,
 Sweet and strong, and, oh! so patient, Bro't me low - er, while I whispered,
 Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered; Grant me now my sup - pli - ca - tion -

All of self, and none of Thee, All of self, and none of Thee!
 Some of self, and some of Thee, Some of self, and some of Thee!
 Less of self, and more of Thee, Less of self, and more of Thee!
 None of self, and all of Thee, None of self, and all of Thee!

Vesper Hymn.

Arr. for this work.

1. { Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters, soft and clear; }
 { Near - er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear, }
 2. { Now, like moonlight waves re-treating To the shore, it dies a - long: }
 { Now, like an - gry surges meet-ing, Breaks the mingled tide of song. }

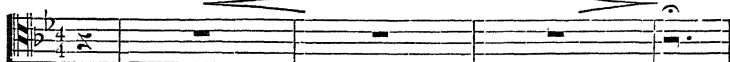
f *Repeat softly.*

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - MEN.

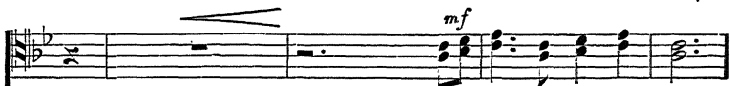
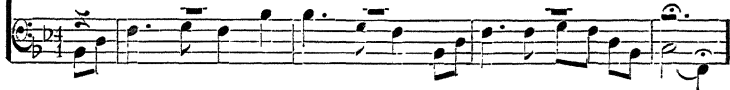
There is a Fountain.

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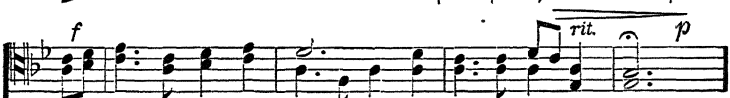
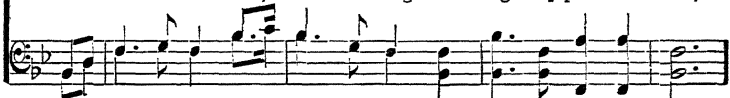
Arr. by
J. B. Herbert.



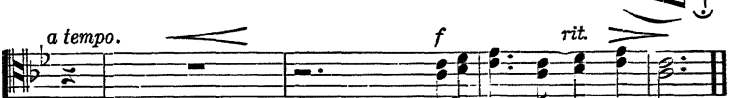
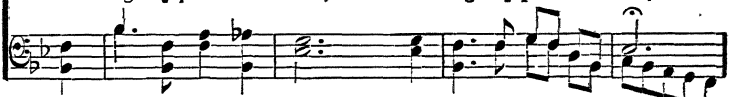
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
4. And when this lisp-ing, stammering tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,



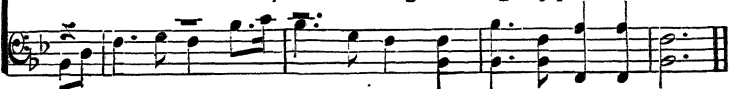
And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way,
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Washed all my sins a - way,..... Washed all my sins a - way;
And shall be till I die,..... And shall be till I die;
I'll sing Thy power to save,..... I'll sing Thy power to save;



And sinners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
Re - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy power to save.

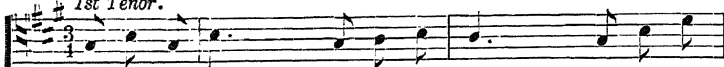


Home, Heavenly Home.

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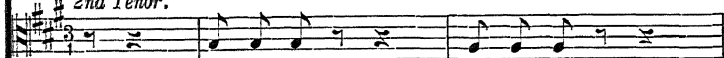
Arr. for this work by
J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor.

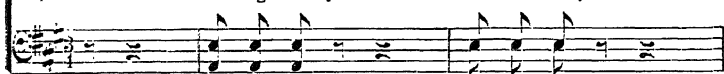


- | | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| 1. My heav'n-ly home | is bright and fair; | Nor pain, nor |
| 2. My Fa-ther's home | is built on high, | Far, far a- |
| 3. Its glitt'r-ing tow'rs | the sun out-shine; | That heav'n-ly |

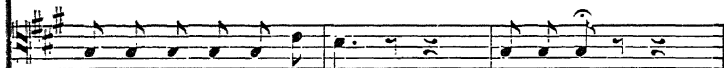
2nd Tenor.



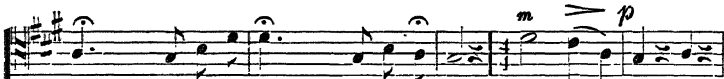
- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Heav'n-ly home, | bright and fair; |
| 2. Fa-ther's house, | built on high, |
| 3. Glitt'ring tow'rs, | sun out-shine, |



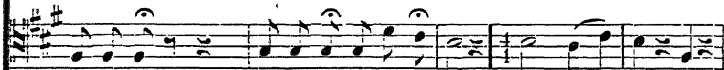
death shall en-ter there.
bove the star-ry sky. I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing
man-sion shall be mine.



Pain nor death shall en-ter there,
Far a-bove the star-ry sky. Go-ing home,
Heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.



home, I'm go-ing home to die no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet



go-ing home, going home to die no more. Home, home, sweet sweet



Home, Heavenly Home.



home; No place like home, There's no place like home.

home; There's no place like home, like home.

No place like home,

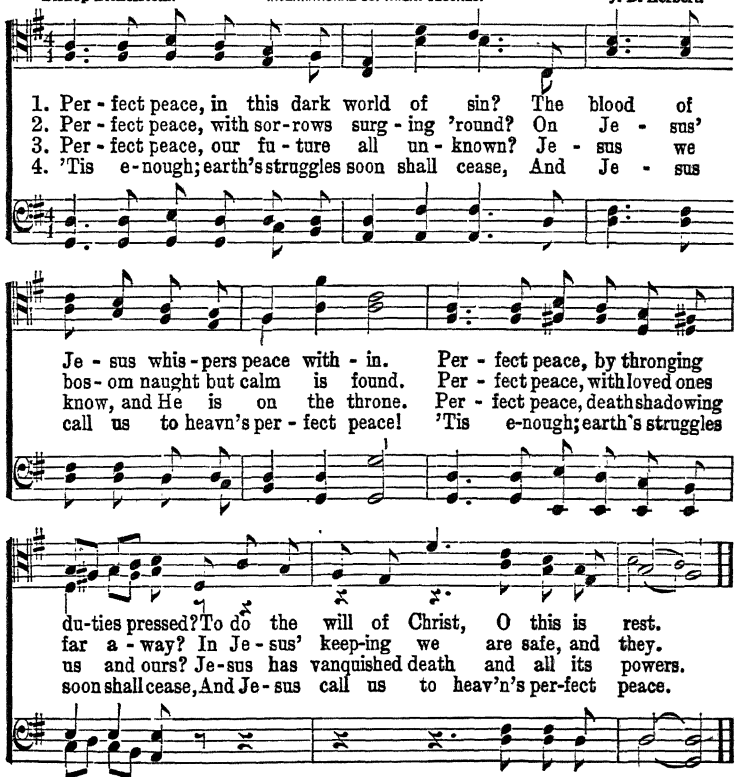
29

Perfect Peace.

Bishop Bickersteth.

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Arr. from Chopin by
J. B. Herbert.



1. Per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of
2. Per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing 'round? On Je - sus'
3. Per - fect peace, our fu - ture all un - known? Je - sus we
4. 'Tis e - nough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Je - sus

Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. Per - fect peace, by thronging
bos - om naught but calm is found. Per - fect peace, with loved ones
know, and He is on the throne. Per - fect peace, death shadowing
call us to heav'n's per - fect peace! 'Tis e - nough; earth's struggles

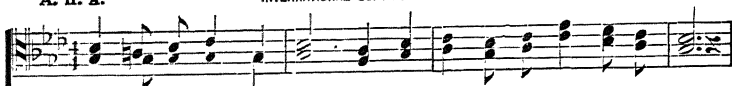
du - ties pressed? To do the will of Christ, O this is rest.
far a - way? In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.
us and ours? Je - sus has vanquished death and all its powers.
soon shall cease, And Je - sus call us to heav'n's per - fect peace.

Some Mother Prays For You.

A. H. A.

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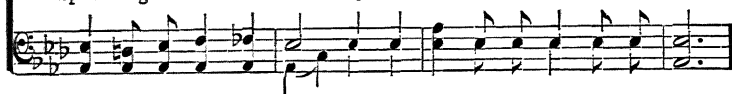
Rev. A. H. Ackley.



1. Some mother's heart is bur - dened With sor-row that sil - vers the hair;
2. Some mother's hands are trem - bling, That once were so stead - y and strong,
3. Some mother's prayers are of - fered For one that is way-ward and wild;
4. Some mother's life is end - ed, Her spir - it has gone to its home.



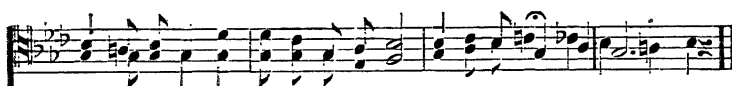
Dim - ming the eye with tear - drops, And fill - ing her life with de - spair.
Some mother's form is bend - ing, Her voice sings a sor - row - ful song.
Friend - less, despised, for - sak - en; Still you are some moth - er's child.
Span - ning the si - lent riv - er, Her love still en - treats you to come.



CHORUS.



O some mother's heart is ach - ing, Some mother's heart is break - ing;
is breaking;



Tho' you have wandered, mother's love is true; Some mother prays for you.
for you.

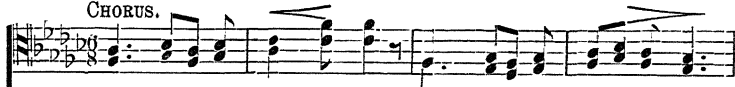


Who Givest All.

Christopher Wordsworth.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECUREDArr. from the German
by J. B. Herbert.

CHORUS.



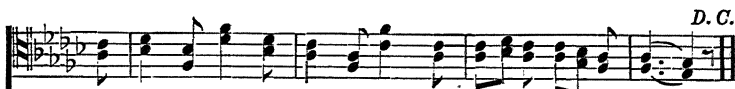
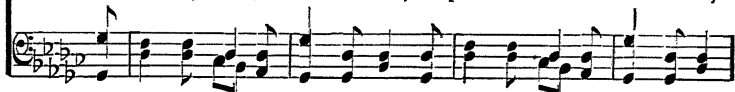
O Lord of earth and sea, All glo-ry be to thee!



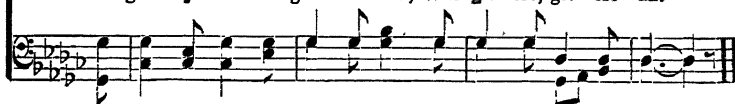
How shall we show our love, Our love to Thee?



1. The gold-en sunshine, ver-nal air, Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
2. For peaceful homes, and healthful days, For all the blessings earth displays,
3. For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven, For means of grace and hopes of heav'n,
4. We lose what on our-selves we spend; We have as treasures with-out end,
5. What-ev-er, Lord, we lend to Thee, Re-paid a thou-sand-fold will be;



When har-vests rip-en Thou art there, Who giv-est, giv-est all.
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise, Who giv-est, giv-est all.
 What can to Thee, O, Lord, be given, Who giv-est, giv-est all.
 What-ev-er, Lord, to Thee we lend, Who giv-est, giv-est all.
 Then glad-ly will we give to Thee, Who giv-est, giv-est all.

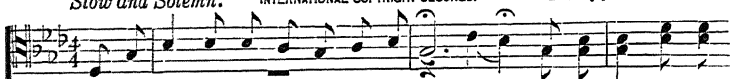


32 When I Think How They Crucified My Lord.

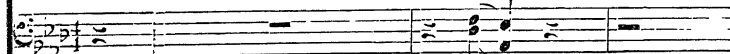
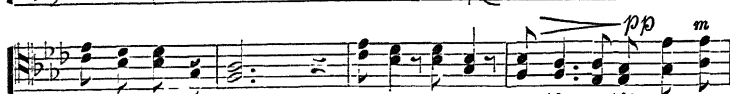
Slow and Solemn.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



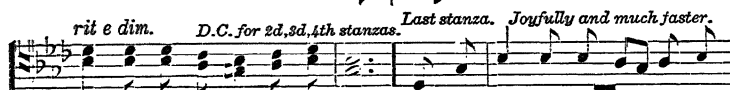
1. When I think how they cru-ci-fied my Lord, (Hum) When I think how they
2. When I think how He hung up - on the cross, (Hum) When I think how He
3. When I think how He groaned and bled and died, (Hum) When I think how He
4. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb, (Hum) When I think how they

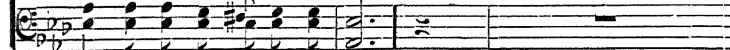
cru - ci - fied my Lord, How it makes me tremble, tremble, When I
hung up - on the cross, How it makes me tremble, tremble, When I
groaned and bled and died, How it makes me tremble, tremble, When I
laid Him in the tomb, (Oh) ... How it makes me tremble, tremble, When I



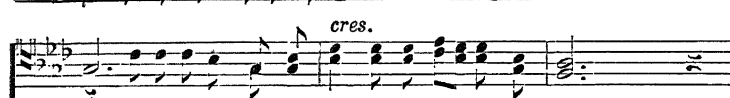
rit e dim. *D.C. for 2d, 3d, 4th stanzas.* *Last stanza. Joyfully and much faster.*



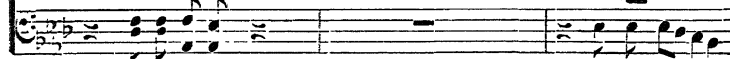
think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.
think how He hung up - on the cross. 5. When I think how He rose from the
think how He groaned and bled and died.
think how they laid Him in the tomb.




cres.



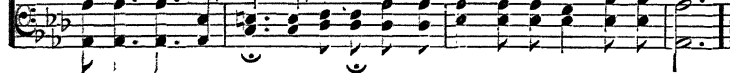
grave, (Hal-le-lu-jah!) When I think how He rose from the grave,
Hal-le-lu-jah!



f *Slower,* *rit.*



How it fills my heart with gladness, When I think how He rose from the grave!

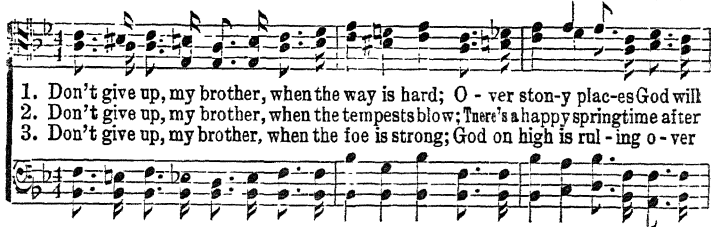


Don't Give Up.

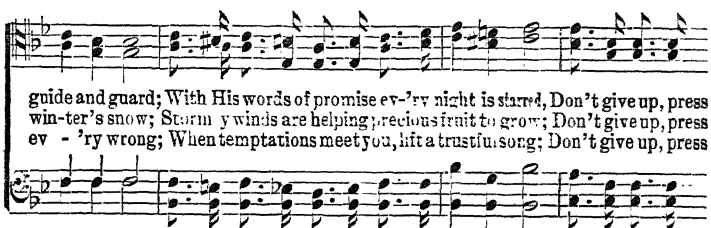
E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

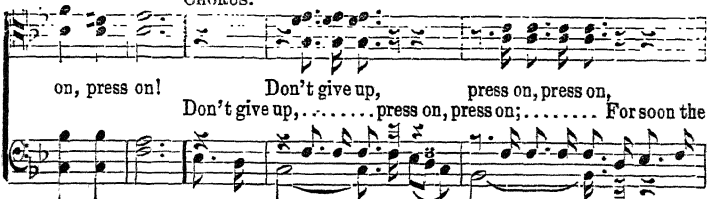


1. Don't give up, my brother, when the way is hard; O - ver ston-y plac-es God will
 2. Don't give up, my brother, when the tempests blow; There's a happy springtime after
 3. Don't give up, my brother, when the foe is strong; God on high is rul - ing o - ver

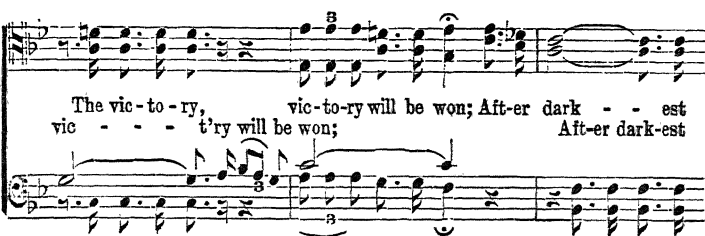


guide and guard; With His words of promise ev-'ry night is star'd, Don't give up, press
 win-ter's snow; Storm y winds are helping precious fruit to grow; Don't give up, press
 ev - 'ry wrong; When temptations meet you, lift a trustful song; Don't give up, press

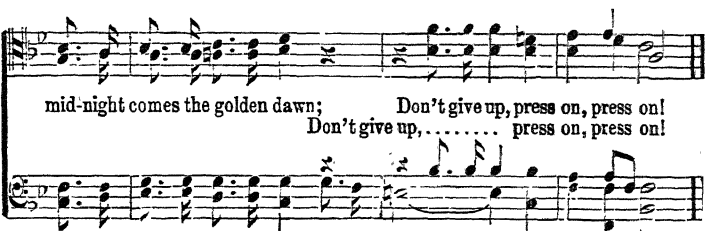
CHORUS.



on, press on! Don't give up, press on, press on,
 Don't give up, press on, press on; For soon the



The vic - to - ry, vic-to-ry will be won; Aft-er dark - - est
 vic - - - t'ry will be won; Aft-er dark-est



mid-night comes the golden dawn; Don't give up, press on, press on!
 Don't give up, press on, press on!

Beulah Land, My Home.

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L. B. Cherington

Henry S. Demos.

1. I'm think - ing now of a beau - ti - ful home, Beulah Land, Beulah Land,
 2. Here I shall join in the songs that I love, Beulah Land, Beulah Land,
 3. I see in my vi - sions the heav - en - ly shore, Beulah Land, Beulah Land,

A heav - en of rest from the per - il - ous storm; Beulah
 And list to the anthems and chor - us a - bove, Beulah
 And man - sions pre - pared by the Christ I a - dore; Beulah

Land, sweet Ben - lah Land. 'Tis the long "Prom - ised Land" the
 Land, sweet Ben - lah Land. From moun - tain to mountain and
 Land, sweet Ben - lah Land. The friends of my journey and

faith - ful ones share, Where light grow the bur - dens they bear;
 o - ver the plain, The chor - us re - ech - oes a - gain,
 youth now are near, Al - read - y their voic - es I hear;

Beulah Land, My Home.

Where the corn and the wine make the merry heart glad, in Beulah Land, my home.
While an - gel - ic voic - es take up the refrain, "O Beulah Land, my home."
While faith claims the vision that pierces the skies, O Beulah Land, my home!

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beu - lah Land, My
Beu-lah Land, Beu-lah Land, Beu-lah Land, Beu-lah Land, My

heav'n - ly home, So dear to me!
heav'nly home, my heav'nly home, So dear, so dear to me!

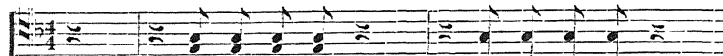
heav'n - ly home, I long for thee!
heav'nly home, my heav'nly home, I long for thee!

It Was Midnight.



John R. Clements.

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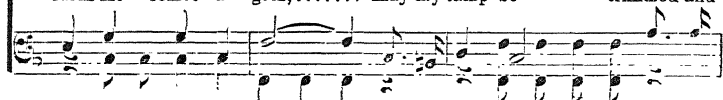
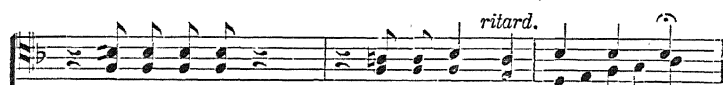
Chas. H. Gabriel.




1. It was mid-night, when my Sav - ior
 1. It was mid-night when my Sav - ior Prayed on
 2. It was mid-night when my Sav - ior In the
 3. Oft at mid-night have His serv - ants, Like as
 4. Dark as mid-night is the path-way By which
 5. If at mid-night He shall call me, As to

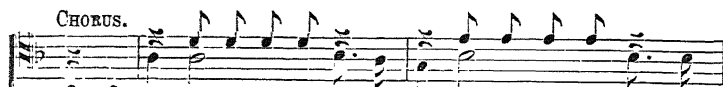
Prayed on yon - der moun - tain steep; And it may be
 yon - der moun - tain steep;..... And it may be He is
 gar - den sweat in blood;..... When by all His friend for -
 Paul and Si - las, prayed;..... Till the ver - y earth was
 some are called to go;..... But this sheds a beam of
 earth He comes a - gain;..... May my lan - p be trimmed and


He is ask - ing That I vig - il with Him keep.
 ask - ing That I vig - il with Him keep.
 sak - en, He that bit - - - - - test - ing stood.
 shak - en, And the hand..... of e - vil stayed.
 com - fort: Je - sus all..... the way doth know.
 burn - ing, So that I..... with Him may reign.



CHORUS.



O, the sol - emn hour of mid - night, Still - ness
 O, the sol - emn hour of mid - night,



It Was Midnight.

o - ver all is thrown— Oft - en deep - - est depths of
Still-ness o-ver all is thrown— Oft-en deep-est

dark-ness— Hour my Sav-ior kept..... a - lone.
depths of dark-ness— Hour my Sav-ior kept a - lone.

36

To the Hills.

Psaln 121.

Dr. Geo. F. Root.

1. { To the hills I lift mine eyes, Whence my hopes of help a - rise; }
From the Lord comes all my aid, Who the earth and heav'n hath made; }
2. { God thy keep-er still shall stand As a shade on thy right hand; }
Nei-ther sun by day shall smite, Nor the si-lent moon by night; }

He will ev - er be thy guide, And thy foot shali nev - er slide;
God shall guard from ev - 'ry ill, Keep thy soul in safe - ty still;

God, His Is - ra - el that keeps, Nev - er slum - bers, nev - er sleeps.
Both, with - out and in thy door He will keep thee ev - er - more.

Come, Blest Redeemer.

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Arr. from Ascher
for this work.
cres.

pp

1. O come, blest Re-deem-er! A-bide Thou with me. Come gladden my
2. With-out Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong; By day Thou shalt
3. Thy love, oh how faith-ful! so ten-der, so pure: Thy promise, faith's

m

spir-it, that wait-eth for Thee. Thy smile ev-'ry shad-ow shall
lead me, by night be my song; Tho' dan-gers surround me, I
an-chor, how stead-fast and sure! That love, like sweet sunshine, my

chase from my heart, And soothe ev-'ry sor-row, Tho' keen be the smart.
still ev-'ry fear, Since Thou, the Most Mighty, My Help-er, art near.
cold heart can warm, That prom-ise make steady My soul in the storm.

p CHORUS.

Come!..... Come!..... a-bide with me;
O come, blest Re-deem-er! A-bide Thou with me;

cres. *f* *rall.* *pp*

A-bide.....
A-bide Thou with me, A-bide..... Thou with me.

The Lord of Hosts Shall Reign.

Rev. Johnson Oatman.

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From Pinsuti.
Rewritten and simplified
by J. B. Herbert.

1. O - ver all the might-y deep, O - ver hill and o - ver plain,
 2. See, the light is break-ing now, E'en tho' men His pow'r dis - dain;
 3. Je - sus for all sin a-toned; Think not that He died in vain;
 sin a-toned; died in vain;

It is writ - ten in His word, "God, the Lord of Hosts shall reign."
 Ev'-ry knee to Him shall bow, "God, the Lord of Hosts shall reign."
 E - vil pow'rs shall be de-throned, "God, the Lord of Hosts shall reign."
 be de-throned, He shall reign.

rit. CHORUS.

God, the Lord of Hosts shall reign. Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word Ech-o'round the

earth and main, For the Lord God Omnipotent shall reign, shall reign.....

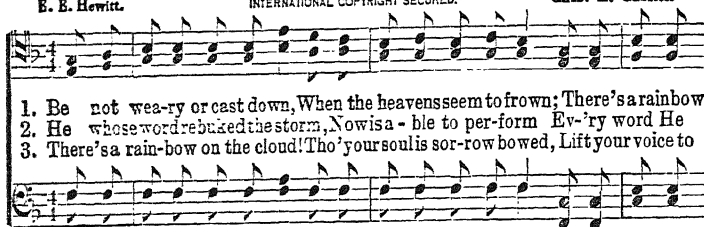
reign,..... shall reign!

A Rainbow on the Cloud.

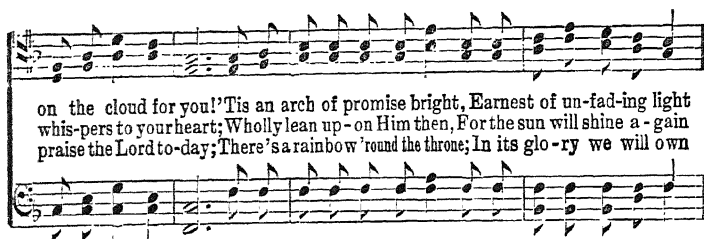
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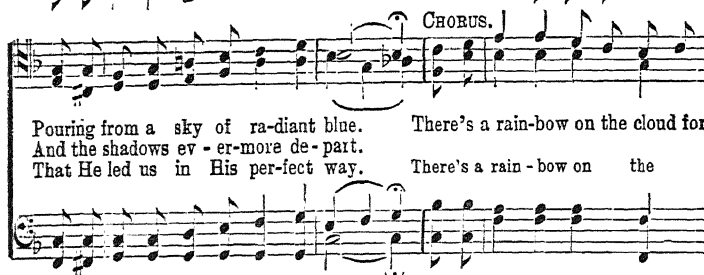
Chas. H. Gabriel.



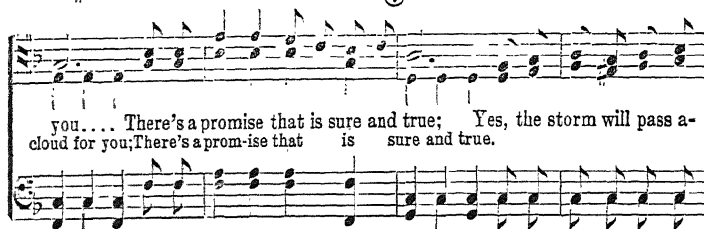
1. Be not wea-ry or cast down, When the heavens seem to frown; There's a rainbow
2. He whose word rebuked the storm, Now is a - ble to per-form Ev'-ry word He
3. There's a rain-bow on the cloud! Tho' your soul is sor-row bowed, Lift your voice to



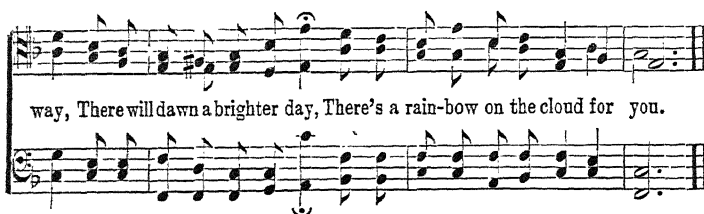
on the cloud for you! 'Tis an arch of promise bright, Earnest of un-fad-ing light
whis-pers to your heart; Wholly lean up-on Him then, For the sun will shine a - gain
praise the Lord to-day; There's a rain-bow 'round the throne; In its glo-ry we will own



CHORUS.
Pouring from a sky of ra-diant blue. There's a rain-bow on the cloud for
And the shadows ev - er-more de-part.
That He led us in His per-fect way. There's a rain-bow on the



you.... There's a promise that is sure and true; Yes, the storm will pass a-
cloud for you; There's a prom-ise that is sure and true.




way, There will dawn a brighter day, There's a rain-bow on the cloud for you.

Jesus, All the Day Long.

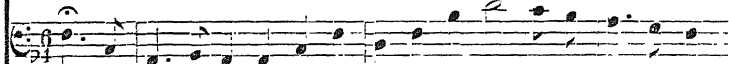
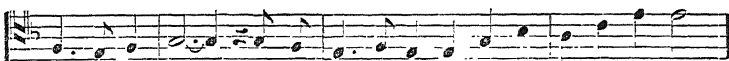
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Irish Melody.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

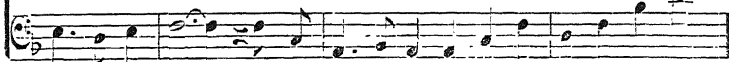
Words Alt.
DUET.



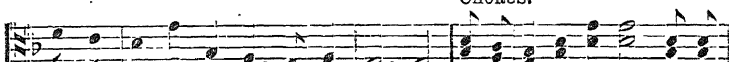
1. O, 'tis heav-en be-low my Re-deem-er to know; And the an-gels could
2. O, how hap-py are they who the Sav-ior o-bey, And whose treasures are
3. That sweet comfort was mine, When the favor di-vine I first found in the


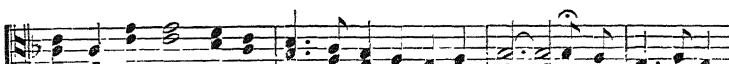
do nothing more Than to fall at His feet And the sto-ry re-peat,
laid up a-bove, Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet comfort and peace
blood of the Lamb: When my heart first believed, O what joy I re-ceived!




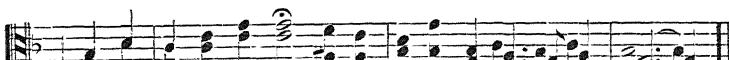
CHORUS.



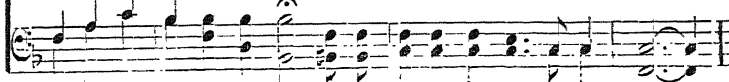
And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore.
Of a soul in its ear-li-est love. Je-sus, all the day long, Is my
Whata heav-en in Je-sus' dear name.

joy and my song; O that all His sal-vation might see! He has noth-ing de-

nied, He has suf-fered and died, To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.



When at Last We Say Good-bye.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. When our race is run, And life's set-ting sun Casts its shad-ows
 2. Will our work be done, And the bat-tle won, Will it mean a
 3. Shall the dear ones left, Of our love be-reit, Hope to greet us

o'er the sky, We shall still en-dure If our hope is sure,
 crown to die? Or the aw-ful fate Of a soul too late,
 in the sky? We may know to-day, Je-sus is the Way,

CHORUS.

When at last we say "Good-bye." When at last we say good-bye,
 good-bye,

When at last we say good-bye, Shall it be with sigh-ing,
 good-bye,

Or with hope un-dy-ing, When at last we say good-bye?
 good-bye, good-bye?

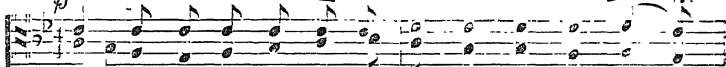
Crossing the Bar.

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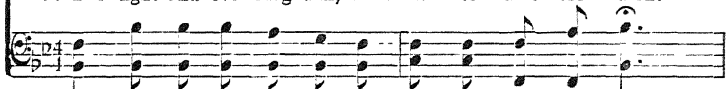
Tennyson.

J. B. Herbert.

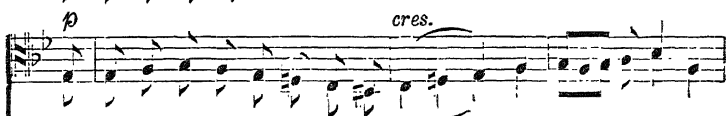
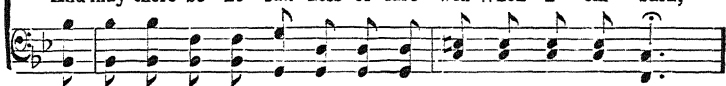
p Andante.



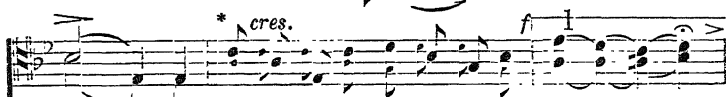
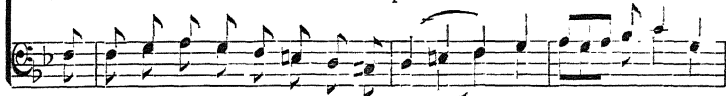
1. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me!
2. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark!



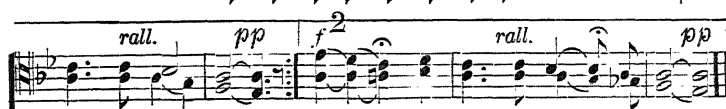
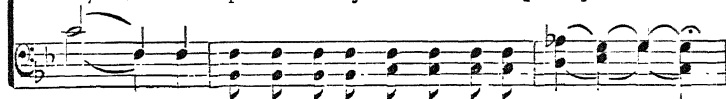
And may there be no moan - ing bar, When I put out to sea;
And may there be no sad - ness of fare - well When I em - bark;



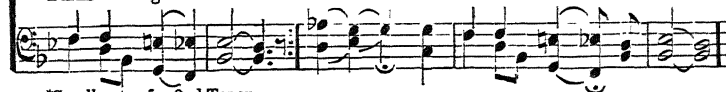
But such a tide as moving seems a - sleep,.... Too full for sound and
For tho' from out our bourne of time and place..... The flood may bear me



foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep.....
far,.... I hope to meet my Pi - lot face to [Omit.]



Turns a - gain home. face.... When I have crossed the bar.



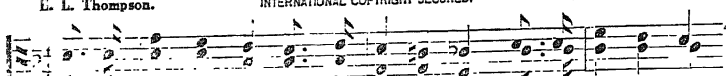
*Small notes for 2nd Tenor.

Gideon's Band.



E. L. Thompson.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.




1. Tell the sto - ry true of the no - ble band Who of old went forth
 2. All the fear - ful fled to their tents at first; Oth - ers at the brook
 2. Each one stood at last in the dead of night With a bro - ken pitch -
 4. We are sol - diers now with a fight to win; There are foes with - out

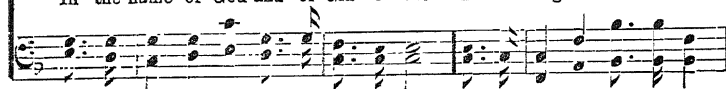

at their Lord's command—Of the faith - ful few, and the fight they won
 stopped to quench their thirst, But the faith - ful few still marched on and on
 er and a burn - ing light, Till the vic - t'ry by their faith was won
 their are foes with - in; But the faith - ful band marches on and on



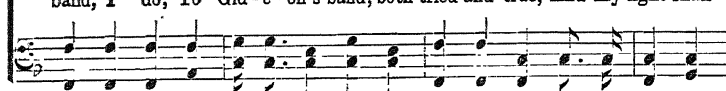

CHORUS.



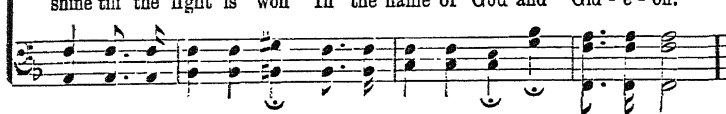
In the name of God and of Gid - e - on. I be - long to Gid - e - on's

band, I do, To Gid - e - on's band, both tried and true; And my light shall

shine till the fight is won In the name of God and Gid - e - on.



Let Him In.

Chas. R. MacDowell.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. Just out-side your heart's closed door See the lov-ing Sav-ior wait,
2. Wounded hands and pierc-ed side, And His death on Cal-va-ry
3. If it were an earth-ly friend Who stood out-side knocking thus,
4. O - pen then our heart's closed door And ad-mit the heav-enly Guest;

And He knocks, has knocked be-fore, — O - pen ere it is too late.
Meant that 'twas for you He died, That from sin you might be free.
You'd a joy-ous greet-ing send, — "En-ter, friend, and sup with us."
En-ter, Sav-ior, ev-er-more Make Thy home with-in our breast.

CHORUS.

Let Him in,..... let Him in, For your
Let Him in, let Him in,

life will be bright-er, All its loads will be light-er; Let Him

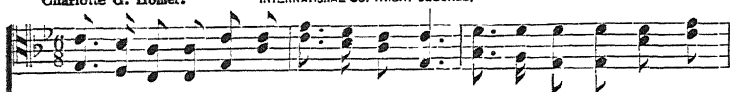
in,..... let Him in, Let the Sav-ior in.
Let Him in, let Him in, bless-ed Sav-ior in.

What About You?*

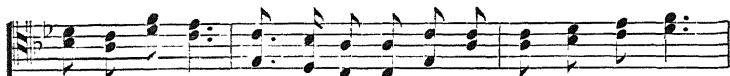
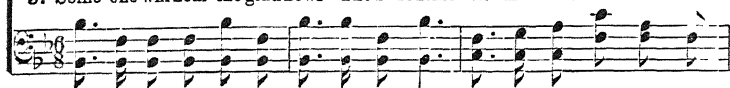
Charlotte G. Homer.

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C. Hubert Bottorf.



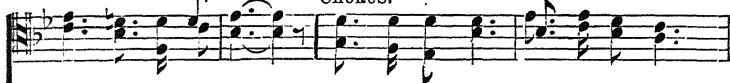
1. Some-one will come to the Sav-ior to-night! Out of the dark-ness to
2. Some-one, re-pent-ant, be-fore Him will fall; Some-one will an-swer the
3. Some-one will hear the glad news "Thou art mine"! Some-one will en-ter the



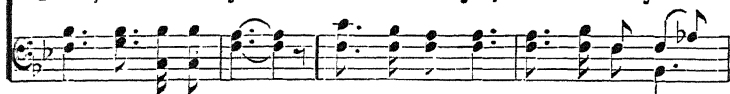
won-der-ful light, Some-one will turn from the wrong to the right—
dear Shepherd's call; Some-one will crown Him the Sav-ior of all—
king-dom di-vine; 'Round them the sun-beams of glo-ry will shine—



CHORUS.



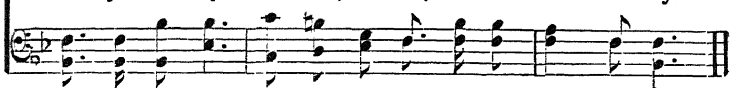
Friend, what a-bout you? What a-bout you, what a-bout you?



Is it not time that you loved Him, too? Why will you lin-ger, why



will you de-lay? Trust Him, be-lieve, and be saved to-day.

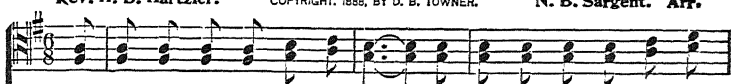


* 2nd tenor, the melody, very prominent; other parts subdued, or may be hummed.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

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N. B. Sargent. Arr.

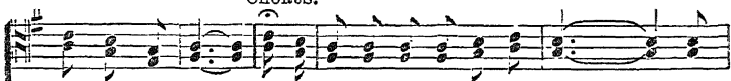


1. The treas-ures of earth are not mine, I hold not its sil-ver and
 2. The treas-ures of earth must all fail, Its rich-es and hon-or de-
 3. Compared with the rich-es of love, The wealth of the world is but
 4. Come, take of the rich-es of Christ, Ex-haust-less, and free is the



gold: But a treas-ure far great-er is mine; I have rich-es of
 cay, But the rich-es of love that are mine, E-ven death can not
 dross, I will seek but Christ Je-sus to win, And for Him I count
 store, Of its won-der-ful ful-ness re-ceive, Till you hun-ger and


CHORUS.



val-ue un-told.
 take them a-way. Oh, the depths of the rich-es of love,..... The
 all things but loss. the rich-es of love,
 thirst nev-er - more



rich-es of love in Christ Je-sus, Far bet-ter than gold, or



wealth un-told, Are the rich-es of love in Christ Je-sus.

From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell.

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Solon Wilder.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of
 3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
 4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be

swell - ing tide.... of woes, There is... a calm, a
 glad - ness on.... our heads; A place than all.... be-
 fel - low - ship.... with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
 si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-

sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
 sides more sweet: It is... the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.
 faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
 get to beat, If I.... for - get the mer - cy-seat.

God be Merciful to Me.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Sin - ful, sigh-ing to be blest; Bound, and longing to be free; Weary, waiting
 2. Goodness I have none to plead, Sin-ful-ness is all I see; I can on - ly
 3. From this sin-ful heart of mine To Thy bo - som I would flee; I am not my
 4. There is One be-side the throne, And my on - ly hope and plea Are in Him, and
 5. He my cause will un-der-take, My In - ter - pre-ter will be; He's my all; and

God be Merciful to Me.

for my rest;
bring my need;
own, but Thine;
Him a-lone;
for His sake, God be mer-ci-ful to me..... be mer-ci-ful to me.

God be mer-ci-ful to me.

49

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }
 2. { Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee, }
 { Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still support and com-fort me. }
 3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; }
 { Raise the fal-len! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind! }

Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness:

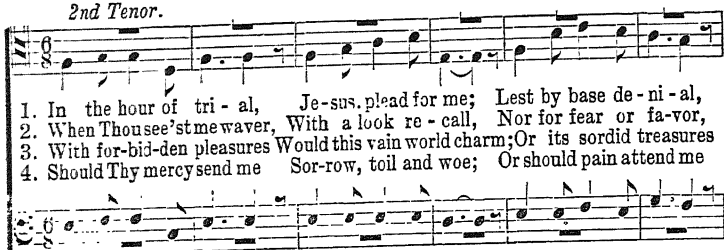
Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
 Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

In the Hour of Trial.

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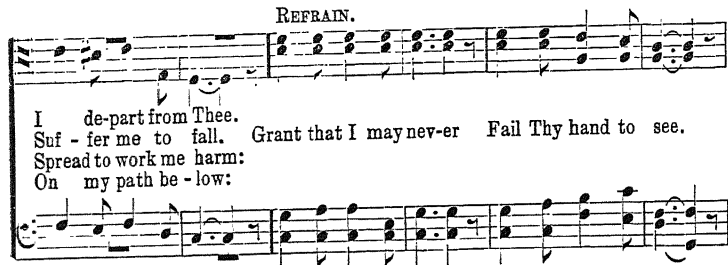
J. B. Herbert.

2nd Tenor.

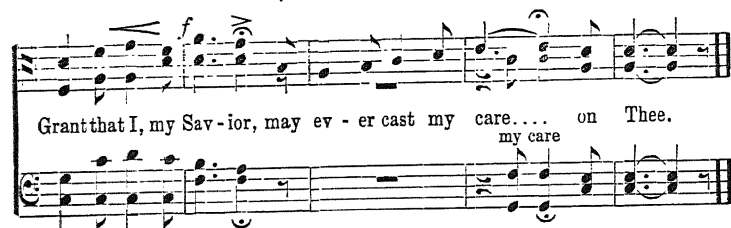


1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. When Thou see'st me waver, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor,
3. With for - bid - den pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
4. Should Thy mercy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain attend me

REFRAIN.



I de - part from Thee.
Suf - fer me to fall. Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see.
Spread to work me harm:
On my path be - low:



Grant that I, my Sav - ior, may ev - er cast my care.... on Thee.
my care

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

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Arr. from Major Cole.



1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine: By Thy
2. Give me a love like Thine, Give me a love like Thine: By Thy
3. Give me a peace like Thine, Give me a peace like Thine: By Thy
4. Give me a joy like Thine, Give me a joy like Thine: By Thy
5. Give me a will like Thine, Give me a will like Thine: By Thy

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a heart like Thine.
 won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a love like Thine.
 won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a peace like Thine.
 won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a joy like Thine.
 won-der-ful pow-er, By Thy grace ev'ry hour,... Give me a will like Thine.

52

Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

G. R. Pryane.

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Arr. for this work.
 Franz Abt.

mp

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
 2. Par - don our of - fens - es, Loose our cap - tive chains,
 3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love,
 4. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy - self the Way,

m

cres.

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - ior, Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - ior,
 Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol,
 Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus,
 Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness, Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness,

rall.

Hear Thy children's cry, Lov - ing Sav - ior, Hear Thy children's cry.
 Which our soul de - tains, Ev - 'ry i - dol Which our soul de - tains.
 To the realms a - bove, Draw us, Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.
 To ce - les - tial day, Thro' earth's darkness To ce - les - tial day.

Glorious Things of Thee.

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John Newton.

D. B. Towner.

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit - y of our God;
2. Sav-iour, if of Zi-on's cit - y I, thro' grace a mem-ber am,
3. Fad-ing is the worlding's pleas-ure, All his boast-ed pomp and show;

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode.
Let the world de-ride or pit - y, I will glo-ry in Thy name.
Sol-id joys and last-ing treas-ure, None but Zi-on's chil-dren know.

CHORUS.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed,

On the Rock..... of A - ges found - ed, What can

What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur-

shake.... thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - - tion's walls sur-

Glorious Things of Thee.

round - ed, Thou canst smile at all thy foes. With sal-

round - ed, Thou canst smile.... at all thy foes.

va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou canst smile at all thy foes.

54

Sometime.

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Georgie Tillman Sneed.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sometime, somewhere There'll be a bright day dawning; Sometime, somewhere There'll
 2. Sometime, somewhere Hope's banner will be lit - el; Sometime, somewhere The
 3. Sometime, somewhere The wrong things will be righted; Sometime, somewhere Truth's

be a glorious morning; We shall wipe a-way our tears, We shall ban - ish clouds of doubt and grief - el; Ev - er more the sun will shine, With a ra - di - gold - en torch be lighted; And the pain our hearts have borne, Will for - ev - er

all our fears, When that hap - py dawn ap - pears, Sometime, Somewhere.
 ance be - nign, And no more will hearts re - pine, Sometime, Somewhere.
 more have flown, We shall know as we are known, Sometime, Somewhere.

What Have I Given?

F. R. Havergal.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, That I might
 2. Long years were spent for me In wea-ri-ness and woe, That thro' e-
 3. The Fa-ther's home of light, Thy rain-bow-cir-cled throne, Were left for
 4. And Thou hast bro't to me, Down from Thy home a - bove, Sal - va - tion
 5. O let my life be giv'n, My years for Thee be spent; World-fet-ters

ad lib.

ran-somed be, And quickened from the dead. O..... Thy life was
 ter - ni - ty, Thy glo - ry I might know; O..... Long years were
 earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone: Yea,..... All, all was
 full and free, Thy par-don and Thy love; O..... Great gifts Thou
 all be riv'n, And joy with suf-fering blent; O..... Thou gav - est

rit e dim.

given for me; What have I given for Thee? Lord, What have I giv'n for Thee?
 spent for me; Have I spent one for Thee? Lord, Have I spent one for Thee?
 left for me; Have I left aught for Thee, Lord, Have I left aught for Thee?
 bro't-est me; What have I bro't to Thee, Lord, What have I bro't to Thee?
 all for me; I give myself to Thee, Lord, I give my-self to Thee.

56. Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

Andrew Reed.

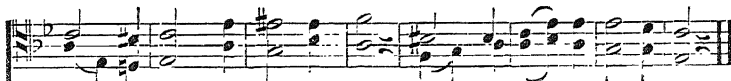
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Gottschalk.

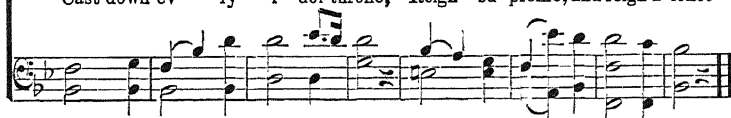
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r divine Cleanse this guil - ty heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Melody.

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.




Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my man-y woes de-part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 Cast down ev-ry i-dol throne, Reign su-preme, and reign a-lone.



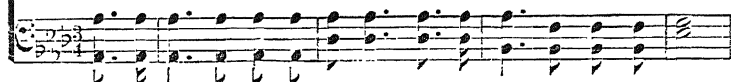

57 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

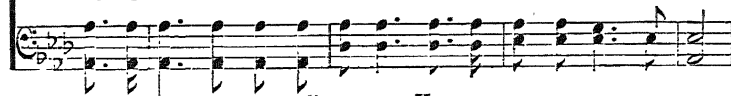


1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From His lighthouse ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp my broth-er; Some poor sail-or, tem-pest-tossed,


FINE

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



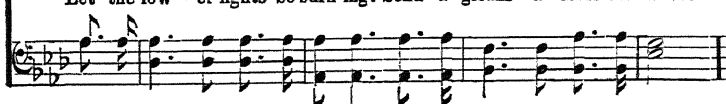
D.S.—*Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.*

CHORUS.



D. S.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

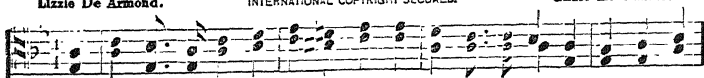


In the Lord's Company.

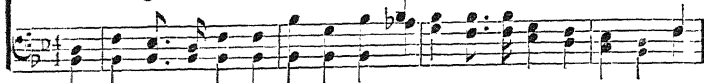

Lizzie De Armond.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



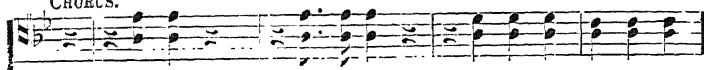
1. Tho' dark-ly the clouds may gather near, There rings in my heart a song of cheer,
2. I know He is nigh when oth-ers sleep; My life in His care He'll safely keep;
3. The sun-light of love il-lumes my way; I'm hap-py and glad the live-long day;


A Friend kind and true is close to me, I walk in the Lord's own company.
Al-though His dear face I can-not see, I walk in the Lord's own company.
For - ev - er with Him my soul shall be, I walk in the Lord's own company.





CHORUS.



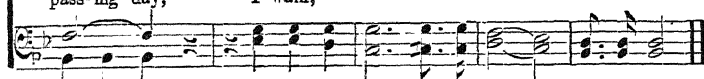
I walk with the Lord, my bless-ed, bless-ed Lord,
I walk.... with the Lord,..... my bless - ed Lord,....

He shows..... me the way, with joy He fills..... each
He shows me the way, with joy He fills each day, each

day;..... I walk, I walk in the Lord's com-pa-ny.
pass-ing day; I walk,



Wandering Child, O Come Home.

Kem G. Bottorf.
Moderato.

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Kem G. Bottorf.

1. Have you wandered a-way from your Father's care, Heav-y heart-ed and
2. Is your frail bark a-drift on life's rag - ing sea, Are you tossed on its
3. He is plead-ing to-day, heed His gen - tle voice, As He bids you no

sad do you roam? There's a sweet, gen-tle voice call-ing now to you—
bil-lows and foam? There's a safe har-bor home, wait-ing now for you—
long-er to roam, To that dear Father's house haste with-out de-lay—

CHORUS. *pp Second time.*

Child, come home,
Wand'ring child, wand'ring child, O come home. Child, come home, child, come

Child, come home,

child, come home. Wand'ring child, why long - er roam?
home, Wand'ring child, why long - er roam? 'Tis thy

Wand'ring child, O. come home, come home.

'Tis thy Fa-ther now en-treats— Wand'ring child, come home, come home,
Fa - ther en-treats— Wand'ring child, O come home.

All Will Be Well.

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Welsh Air.

Arr. by J. B. Herbert

1. { Thro' the love of God, our Sav - ior, All will be well; }
 { Free and changeless is His fa - vor, All, all is well. }
 2. { Tho' we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, All will be well; }
 { Ours is such a full sal - va - tion, All, all is well; }
 3. { We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row, All will be well; }
 { Faith can sing thro' days of sor - row, All, all is well. }

Pre-cious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;
 Hap-py still in God con-fid-ing; Fruit-ful, if in Christ a-bid-ing;
 On our Fa-ther's love re-ly-ing, Je-sus ev-'ry need sup-ply-ing;

Strong the hand stretched out to shield us, All must be well.
 Ho - ly, thro' the Spir - it's guid - ing, — All must be well.
 Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.

Brother, Thou Art Gone to Rest.

USED BY PERMISSION.

J. B. Herbert.

1. Brother, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee;
 2. Brother, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er;
 3. Brother, thou art gone to rest; And thus shall be our pray'r, —

Brother, Thou Art Gone to Rest.



For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir - it longed to be.
And sor-row, pain and suf-f'ring, now Shall ne'er dis-tress thee more.
That when we reach our jour-ney's end, Thy glo - ry we may share.



62

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.



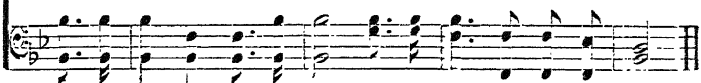
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je-sus' love that so't me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss— To bear, with-

grace that bro't me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged a-bout Him His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken-
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in

mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heav-ens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev-er be.
love for e-ven me. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
Sweet-er as the years go by;

Sweeter As the Years Go By.



Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.

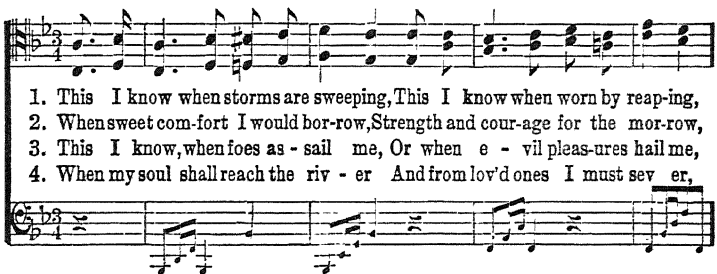
64

Jesus Thinks of Me.

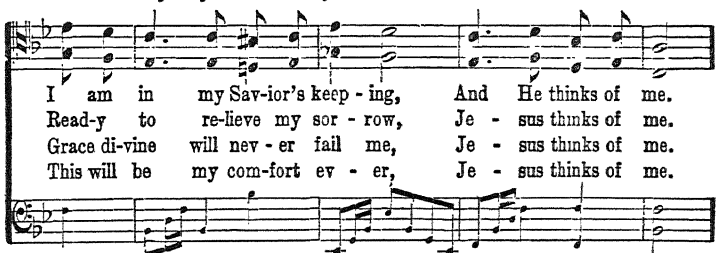
James Rowe.
DUET.

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B. D. Ackley.



1. This I know when storms are sweeping, This I know when worn by reaping,
2. When sweet com-fort I would bor-row, Strength and cour-age for the mor-row,
3. This I know, when foes as-sail me, Or when e-vil pleas-ures hail me,
4. When my soul shall reach the riv-er And from lov'd ones I must sever,



I am in my Sav-ior's keep-ing,	And He thinks of me.
Read-y to re-lieve my sor-row,	Je - sus thinks of me.
Grace di-vine will nev-er fail me,	Je - sus thinks of me.
This will be my com-fort ev-er,	Je - sus thinks of me.

CHORUS.



Je-sus thinks of me, yes, He thinks of me, Je-sus thinks of me and

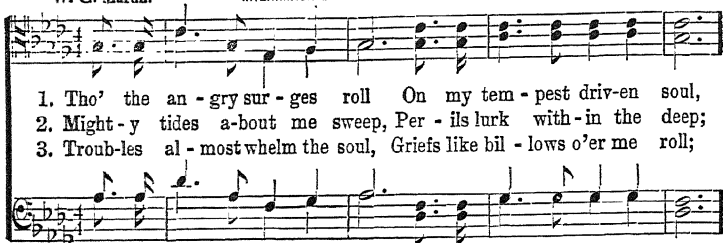
waits to bless, This will be my com-fort ev-er-more, Je-sus thinks of me.

My Anchor Holds.

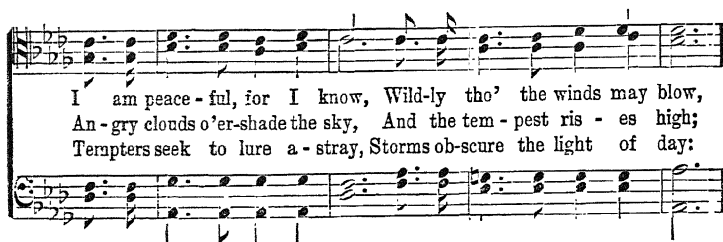
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W. C. Martin.

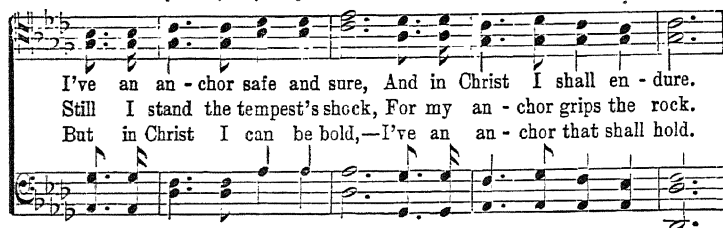
D. B. Towner.



1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv - en soul,
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
3. Troub - les al - most overwhelm the soul, Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

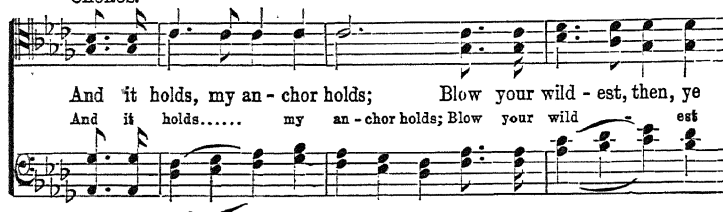


I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day:

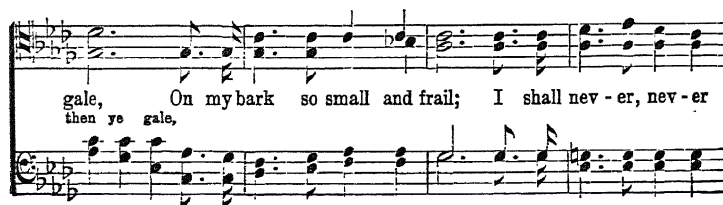


I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
But in Christ I can be bold, - I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

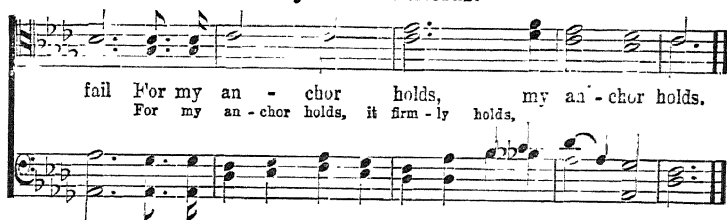


And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, ye
And it holds..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild est



gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then ye gale,

My Anchor Holds.



fail For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my an - chor holds, it firm - ly holds,

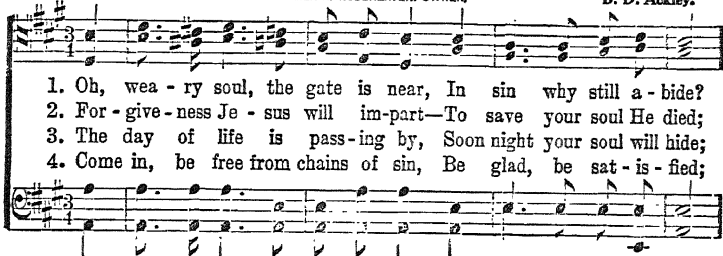
66

Just Outside the Door.

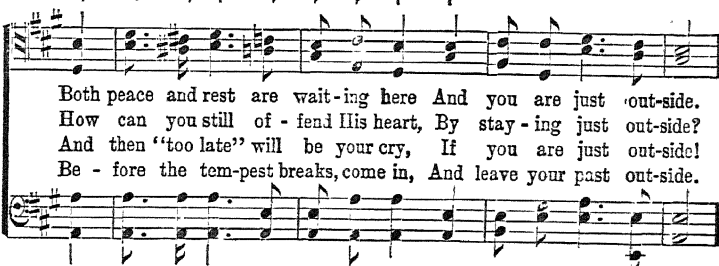
James Rowe.

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B. D. Ackley.

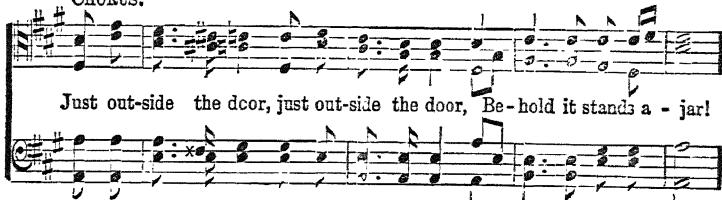


1. Oh, wea - ry soul, the gate is near, In sin why still a - bide?
2. For - give - ness Je - sus will im - part - To save your soul He died;
3. The day of life is pass - ing by, Soon night your soul will hide;
4. Come in, be free from chains of sin, Be glad, be sat - is - fied;

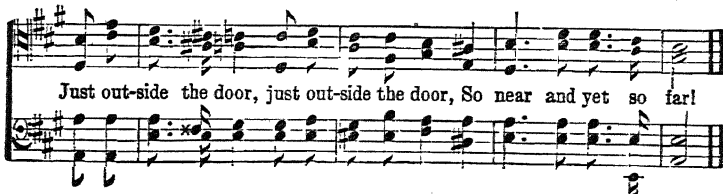


Both peace and rest are wait - ing here And you are just out - side.
How can you still of - fend His heart, By stay - ing just out - side?
And then "too late" will be your cry, If you are just out - side!
Be - fore the tem - pest breaks, come in, And leave your past out - side.

CHORUS.



Just out - side the door, just out - side the door, Be - hold it stands a - jar!



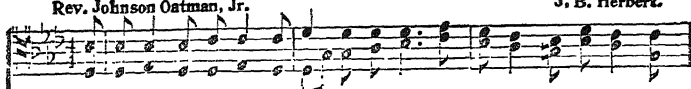
Just out - side the door, just out - side the door, So near and yet so far!

O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

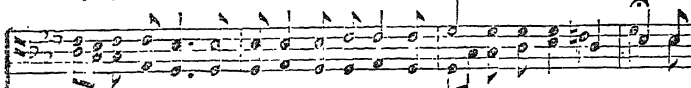
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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

J. B. Herbert.



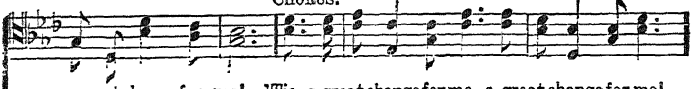
1. My boat had once floated a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le-lu-jah! by
3. No more is my spir-it conformed to this world, But now high-er joys ev-'ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest ha-ven that lies o-ver



wild raging sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
 grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
 moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
 times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is



CHORUS.



a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me!



O now I am hap-py! from sin I've been set free! From out of the



darkness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!



Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

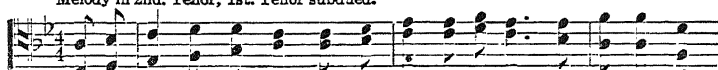
R. H. McDaniel.

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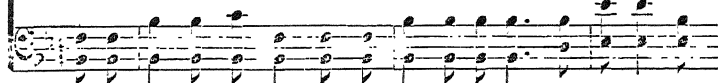
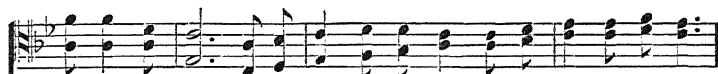
Melody in 2nd. Tenor; 1st. Tenor subdued.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.


Chas. H. Gabriel.




1. What a won-der-ful change fin my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
 2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
 3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
 4. There's a light in the val-ley of Death now for me, Since Je-sus came
 5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know Since Je-sus came

in-to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in-to my heart! And my sins which were ma-ny are all washed a-way
 in-to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
 in-to my heart! And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
 in-to my heart! And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,



CHORUS.



Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in-to my
 Since Je-sus came in, came



heart Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
 in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart,



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.



Whosoever Will.

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J. B. Herbert.

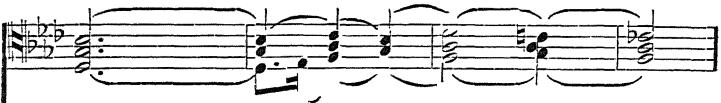
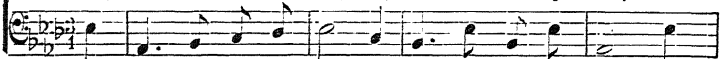
1st and 2nd Tenor.



Baritone on Tenor staff to the chorus.

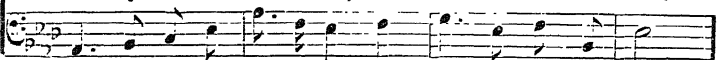
Hum.....

1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is whispering, "Sinner, Come:" The
2. Let him that hear-eth say To all a - bout him, "Come:" Let
3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, O, let him free-ly come, And



Hum.....

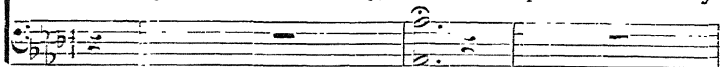
Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all His chil-dren, "Come."
him that thirsts for right-ness To Christ the Foun-tain come,
free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.



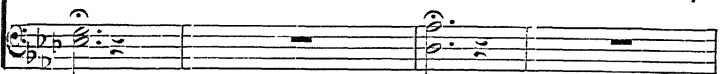
CHORUS.



And the Spir-it and the Bride say, come. And the Spir-it and the Bridesay



come. And let him that hear-eth say, come, And let him that is a-thirst,



come, come, come. Who - so - ev - er will, who-so-ev - er will,
And who - so - ev - er will,..... And



*A good effect may be produced by diminishing to pianissimo on the word "Come," and then, humming, let the tones die away.

Whosoever Will.

Who-so-ev-er will, Who-so-ev-er will, let him take the
who so-ev-er will,

wa-ter of life, let him take the wa-ter of life free-ly, free-ly, free-ly.

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Savior, Teach Me.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Sav-ior, teach me day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o-bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid-ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol-low in Thy grace;
4. Thus may I re-joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and fol-low Thee, Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Learn-ing how to love from Thee, Lov-ing Him who first loved me.
Sing-ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

Because the Lord is Good.

MALE VOICES.


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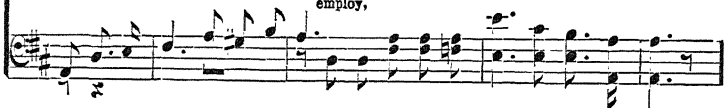
Psalm 100.



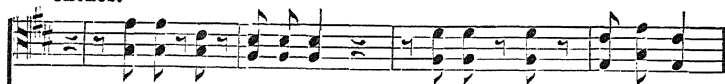
1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!
 2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; do dwell, the Lord O sing! Without our aid He did us make;
 3. O en - ter then His gates with joy, in-deed; our aid us make; With-in His courts His praise proclaim, with joy, His courts pro-claim



Him serve with mirth, His praise forthtell, Come ye be - fore Him and re-joice.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, forthtell And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Let thankful songs your tongues employ, us feed, O bless and mag - ni - fy His name.
 employ,



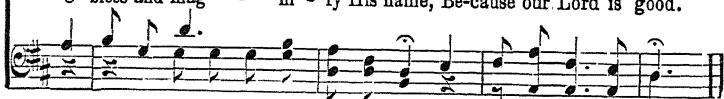
CHORUS.



Be-cause the Lord is good, Be-cause the Lord is good,
 Be-cause the Lord is good, Be-cause the Lord is good,

Bless and mag - ni - fy His name,
 O bless and mag - ni - fy His name, Be-cause our Lord is good.



Stand Up for Jesus.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. Stand up, stand

ye sol-diers

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - - sus, Ye sol - diers of the
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - - sus, The trum - pet call o -
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - - sus, Stand in His strength a -

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus

Ye

Lift high His

cross;..... Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It
 bey;..... Forth to the might-y con - flict, In
 lone;..... The arm of flesh will fail you, - Ye
 sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban-ner,

It must not

From vic-t'ry

must not suf-fer loss. From vic - t'ry un - to
 this His glo - rious day. Ye that are men now
 dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel

It must not suf-fer loss.

From

Till ev-'ry

vic - t'ry His ar-my shall He lead,..... Till ev - 'ry foe is
 serve Him A-gainst unnumbered foes,..... Let cour - age rise with
 ar - mor, And, watch un-to prayer,..... Where du - ty calls or
 vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His ar-my shall He lead, Till

And Christ is


van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
 ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.


We'll All Be There

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.


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Kern G. Bottorf.

- 
1. When the last day shall come and the roll shall be called; When the
 2. When the ran-somed of earth shall u-nite in the song That is
 3. We shall ne'er say "goodbye" in that home of the soul, There we'll




saints meet their Sav-ior in the air; When the pil-grim and strang-
sung by the an-gels bright and fair; When the harps all shall ring
not have a bur-den or a care; And when Je-sus shall say

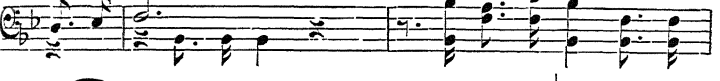


er at last reach their home, We'll be there, praise the Lord, we'll all be there.
and the mu-sic shall roll, We'll be there, praise the Lord, we'll all be there.
"En-ter in with thy Lord" We'll be there, praise the Lord, we'll all be there.

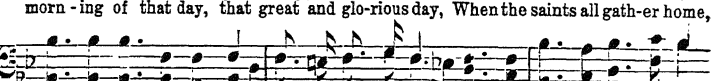
CHORUS.



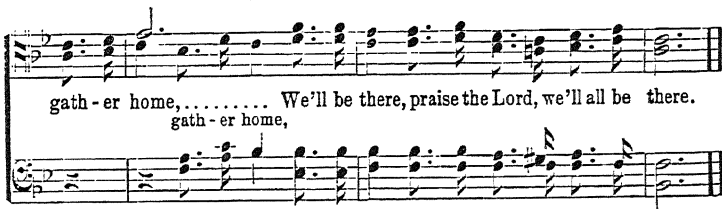
We'll be there. we'll be there, On the
We'll be there, we'll all be there, On the



dawn.... of that great day, When the saints.....
morn-ing of that day, that great and glo-rious day, When the saints all gath-er home,



We'll All Be There.



gath - er home,..... We'll be there, praise the Lord, we'll all be there.
gath - er home,

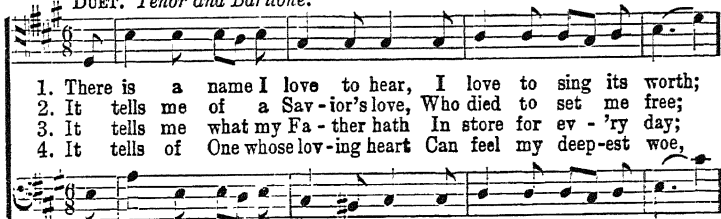
74

Oh! How I Love Jesus.

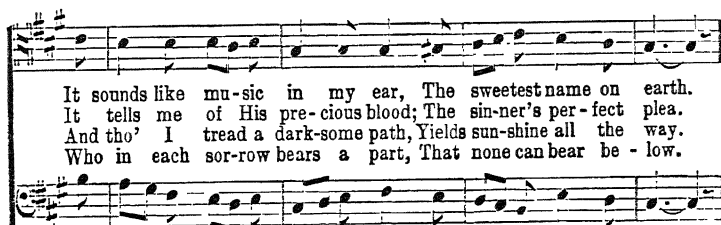
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Arr. by J. B. H.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone.

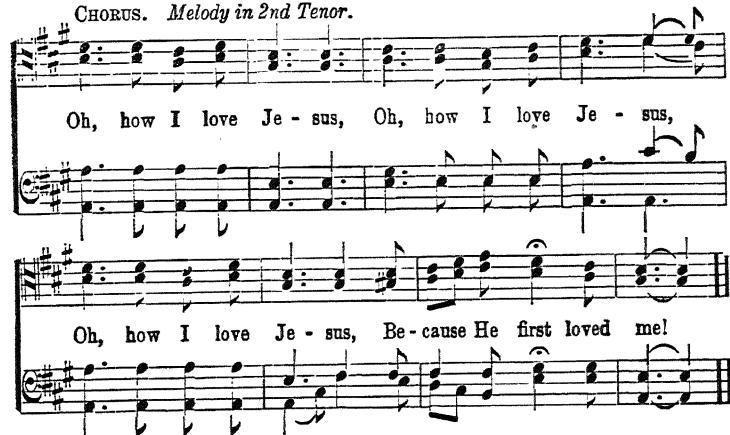


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,



It sounds like mu-sic in my ear, The sweetest name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood; The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And tho' I tread a dark-some path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.


CHORUS. Melody in 2nd Tenor.



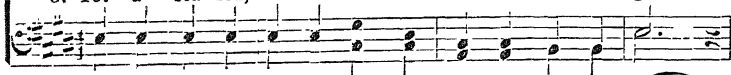

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me!

Our Eternal Home.

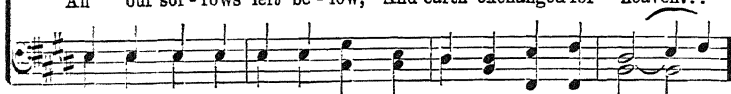
Words Arr.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.


1. Pil - grims on our jour - ney home, We tar - ry but a night;
2. Cease ye pil-grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;
3. Yet a sea - son, and we know An en - trance will be given;

When the last dear morn is come, We'll rise to joy - ful light....
Soon our Sav - ior will re - turn, Tri - um - phant in the skies....
All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven...



CHORUS.



Time is wing - ing, wing - ing as a - way,




rit.
a - way to our e - ter - nal home, Home, home, sweet home.




Silent Night.

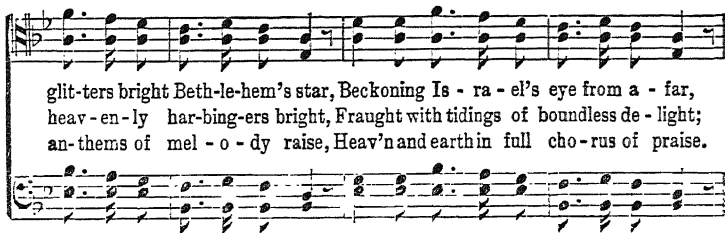
ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

*Melody in the Baritone.*German.
Arr. for this work.


1. Si - lent night! hallowed night! Land and deep, si - lent sleep! Soft - ly
2. Si - lent night! hallowed night! On the plain wakes the strain; Sung by
3. Si - lent night! hallowed night! Earth a - wake, si - lence break, High your



Silent Night.



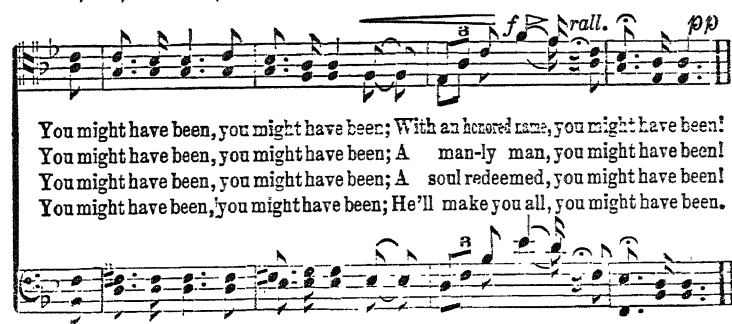
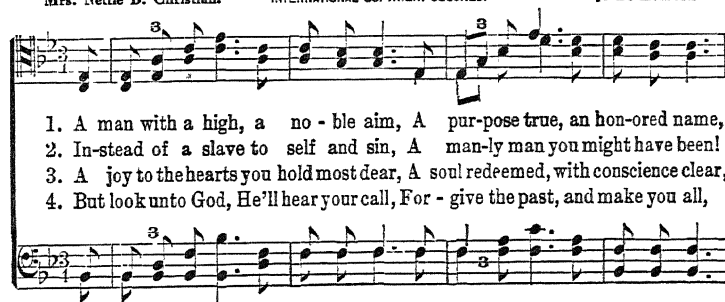
77

You Might Have Been.

Mrs. Nettie B. Christian.

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J. B. Herbert.

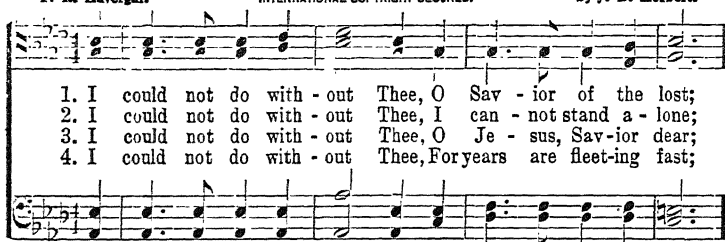


I Could Not Do Without Thee.

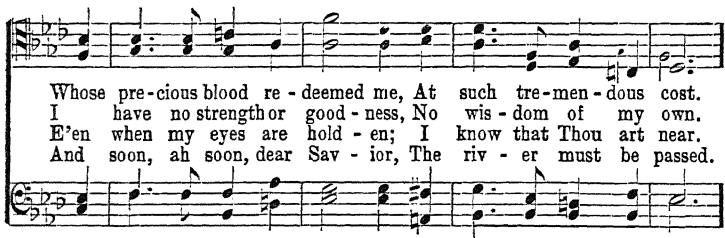
From a poem by
F. R. Havergal.

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Arr. from the German
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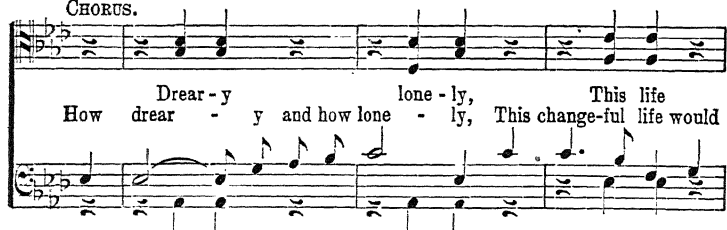


1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - ior of the lost;
2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
3. I could not do with - out Thee, O Je - sus, Sav - ior dear;
4. I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast;

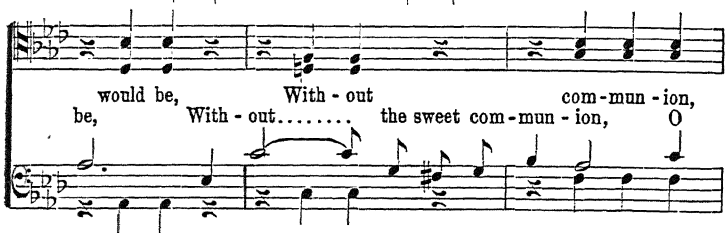


Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me, At such tre - men - dous cost.
I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own.
E'en when my eyes are hold - en; I know that Thou art near.
And soon, ah soon, dear Sav - ior, The riv - er must be passed.

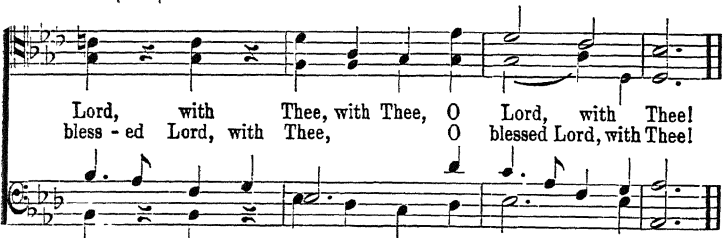
CHORUS.



How drear - y and how lone - ly, This life
Drear - y lone - ly, This change - ful life would



would be, With - out com - mun - ion,
be, With - out..... the sweet com - mun - ion, O



Lord, with Thee, with Thee, O Lord, with Thee!
bless - ed Lord, with Thee, O blessed Lord, with Thee!

Give Me Thy Heart.

Rev. J. H. Sammis.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY D. B. TOWNER.

D. B. Towner.

1. To thee, who from the nar-row road, In sin - ful ways so long have
2. Ah, well that gen-tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a-
3. "My son!" oh, word of might-y grace, That chil - dren of our mor - tal
4. How great that Father's love must be, How fond His yearn-ings aft - er
5. How pa - tient hath His spir-it been, To fol - low thee thro' all thy
6. O God, my Fa-ther! I o - bey; I come, I come to Thee to-

1. To thee, who from the nar-row road, In sin - ful ways so long have
2. Ah, well that gen-tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a-
3. "My son!" oh, word of might-y grace, That chil - dren of our mor - tal
4. How great that Father's love must be, How fond His yearn-ings aft - er
5. How pa - tient hath His spir-it been, To fol - low thee thro' all thy
6. O God, my Fa-ther! I o - bey; I come, I come to Thee to

trod, How kind - ly speaks thy Fa-ther, God, "My son, give Me thy heart."
go, And now to thee it whis-pers low, "My son, give Me thy heart."
race With sons of God may take their place, "My son, give Me thy heart."
thee, That He should say so ten-der-ly, "My son, give Me thy heart."
sin, And plead, thy way-ward soul to win, "My son, give Me thy heart."
day, "Here Lord, I give my-self a-way, I give to Thee my heart!"

trod, How kind - ly speaks thy Fa-ther, God, "My son, give Me thy heart."
go, And now to thee it whis-pers low, "My son, give Me thy heart."
race With sons of God may take their place, "My son, give Me thy heart."
thee, That He should say so ten-der-ly, "My son, give Me thy heart."
sin, And plead, thy way-ward soul to win, "My son, give Me thy heart."
day, "Here Lord, I give my-self a-way, I give to Thee my heart!"

CHORUS.

“My son, my son, give me thy
Give me thy heart, give me thy heart, My son, give me thy

“My son, my son, give me thy
Give me thy heart. give me thy heart. My son, give me thy

heart, Oh, hear and heed thy Father's call, And give to Him thy heart.
(Last verse.) I hear and heed my Father's call, And give to Him my heart.
heart, give me thy heart,

heart, Oh, hear and heed thy Father's call, And give to Him thy heart.
(Last verse.) I hear and heed my Father's call, And give to Him my heart.
heart, give me thy heart.

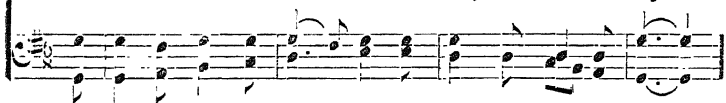
The Day of Mercy.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

J. B. Herbert.



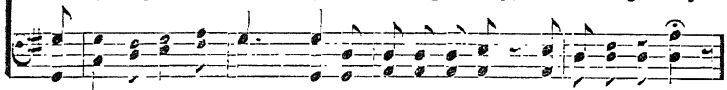
1. The sin - ner says, "To - mor - row," The Sav - ior says, "To-day;"
2. The sin - ner drowns in pleas - ure, Con - vict - tions of to - day:
3. The sin - ner grieves the Spir - it, And turns from Christ a - way;
4. O sin - ner come to Je - sus! No more, no more de - lay:



Is hast - - 'ning a - way.....



And still the day of mer - cy Is hast'ning a - way, is hast'ning a - way.
 While still the day of mer - cy Is hast'ning a - way, is hast'ning a - way.
 While still the day of mer - cy Is hast'ning a - way, is hast'ning a - way.
 The day of grace and mer - cy Is hast'ning a - way, is hast'ning a - way.



CHORUS.



Hast'ning a - way, hast'ning a - way, hast'ning a - way,
 Hast - 'ning a - way..... is hast - 'ning a -



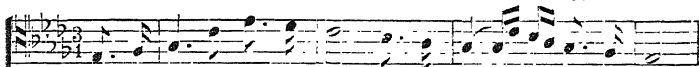
hast'ning a - way: The day of grace and mer - cy is hast'ning a - way.
 way.....



Light at Evening Time.

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Melody by Franz Abt.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

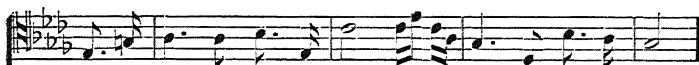


1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:

2. Ho - ly Spir - it, be Thou nigh, When in mor - tal pains we lie;

Hum.....

2nd Tenor on Bass staff.

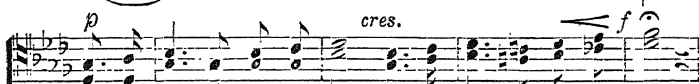
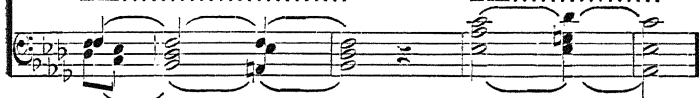


Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day, Light at eve - ning, eve - ning time.

Grant us, as we come to die, Light at eve - ning, eve - ning time.

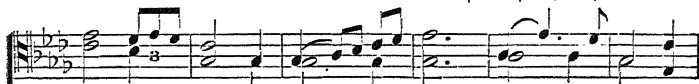
Hum.....

Hum.....



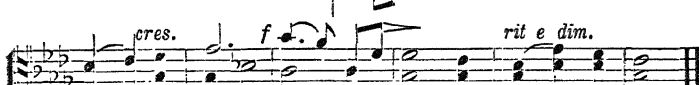
Ho - ly Sav - ior, calm our fears, When earth's bright - ness dis - ap - pears:

Ho - ly, bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Dark - ness is not dark to Thee:



Grant us in our la - ter years Light at eve - ning,

Those Thou keep - est al - ways see Light at eve - ning,



eve - ning time, Light at eve - ning, eve - ning time.



'Tis The Last Call of Jesus.


Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

BY PER FILLMORE BROS. CO.


Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



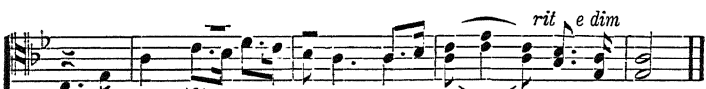
1. 'Tis the last call of Je-sus That falls on thy heart;
 2. 'Tis the last call of Je-sus That greets you to-night;
 3. 'Tis the last call of Je-sus! It dies on the air,



Soon, grieved and re-ject-ed, He'll turn to de-part:
 Oh, will you with cold-ness His mer-cy re-quite?
 And an-oth-er poor sin-ner Is left in de-spair:



O sin-ner, ac-cept Him! Re-ject Him no more!
 Al-read-y He's turn-ing A-way from your heart!
 Will you His rich mer-cy And ten-der-ness spurn,

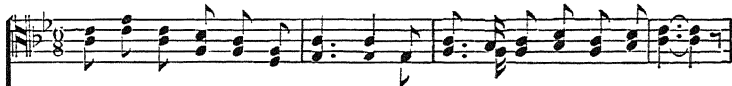


Lest He leave you, un-par-doned, At sweet mer-cy's door.
 Oh, quick-ly ac-cept Him, Ere He shall de-part.
 Un-till He shall leave you, No more to re-turn?

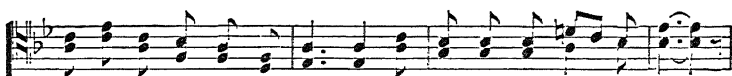
Somebody Cares.

Fannie Edna Stafford. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER RODEHEAVER.

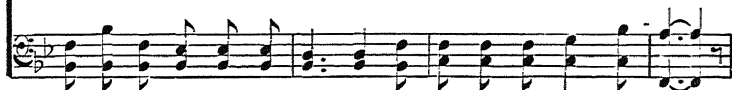
Homer Rodeheaver.



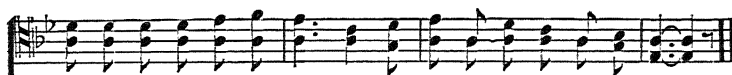
1. Some-body knows when your heart aches, And ev-'ry-thing seems to go wrong;
2. Some-body cares when you're tempted, And your mind grows dizzy and dim;
3. Some-body loves you when wea - ry; Some-bod-y loves you when strong;



Some-bod-y knows when the shad - ows Need chas-ing a - way with song;
 Some-bod-y cares when you're weak-est, And farth-est a - way from Him.
 Al-ways is wait-ing to help you, He watch-es you—one of the throng.



Some-bod-y knows when you're lone - ly, Ti - red, dis-cour-aged and blue;
 Some-bod-y grieves when you're fall - en, You are not lost from His sight;
 Need-ing His friendship so ho - ly, Need-ing His watch-care so true,



Some-bod-y wants you to know Him, And know that He dear-ly loves you.
 Some-bod-y waits for your com-ing, And He'll drive the gloom from your night.
 His name? We call His name Je - sus, He loves ev-'ry-one, He loves you.




The Blessed Old Gospel.



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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

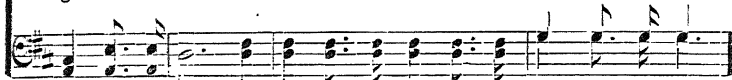

J. B. Herbert.





1. Praise God for the gos - pel that came from a - bove, The gos - pel that
 2. Praise God for the gos - pel is free to the world, A gift to the
 3. Praise God for the her - als up - on Zi - on's walls, Who preach the old
 4. The bless - ed old gos - pel we'll love till we die, The gos - pel of

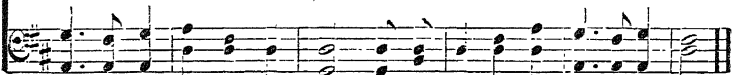
scat - ters our night; The bless - ed old gos - pel of in - fi - nite love,
 chil - dren of men; Be - fore it sin's co - horts all back - ward are hurled;
 gos - pel of peace; O'er mountain and val - ley the mes - sage now falls
 light and of love; And when we have reached that fair ci - ty on high,


CHORUS. (*Familiar air.*)


The gos - pel of truth and of light.
 They nev - er its prog - ress can stem. O the bless - ed old gos - pel, the
 That brings to the cap - tive re - lease.
 We'll sing of its won - ders a - bove.


Repeat pp



life - giv - ing gos - pel, The soul - sav - ing gos - pel, The gos - pel of love!



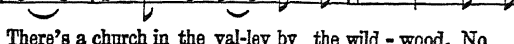
W. S. P.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts:

Dr. Wm. S. Patu.



1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No love - fi - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the



place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil-low; Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall

D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

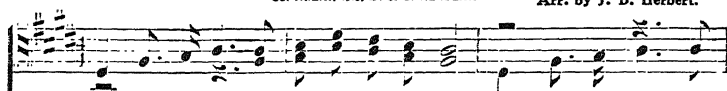
lit-tle brown church in the vale.

church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

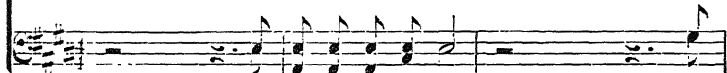
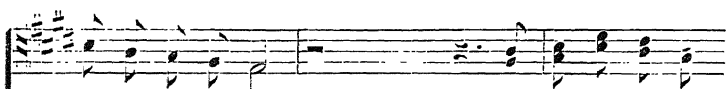
I Love Him.

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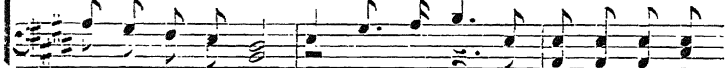
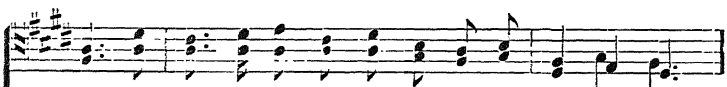
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



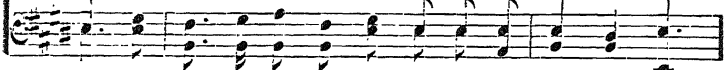
1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are the sins and
 2. Once I was lost up-on the plain of sin; Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but


all that would a-larm; Gone ev-er-more, and by His grace I
 doubts and fears with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a liv-ing
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I

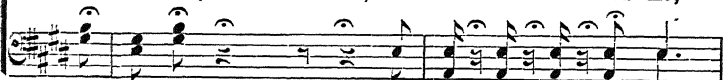

know The pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
 God, But now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood.
 live, To tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.




REFRAIN.



I love Him, I love Him, Be-cause He first loved me,

And pur-chased my sal-va-tion on Cal-va-ry.

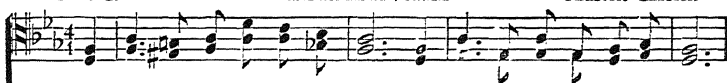


Sail On!

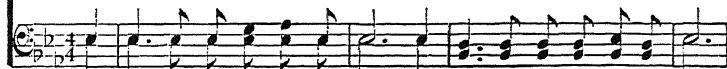
C H. G.

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H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter-ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore and wea-ry worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy canvas torn?
3. Do comrades tremble and re - fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
4. Do snarling waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'rless, drifting with the gale?



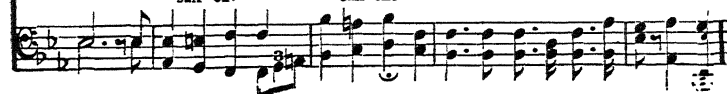
And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
 Hark ye! A voice is to thee borne, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
 No oth - er course is thine to choose, "Sail on, sail on, sail on!"
 Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail— Sail on, sail on, sail on!"

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The darkness will not always

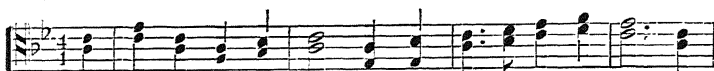


last! Sail on! sail on! God lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"
 sail on! sail on!



The Homeland.

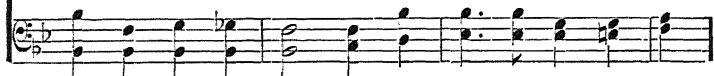
H. R. Hawsels.

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for this work.

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free born! No
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair; No
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait - ing me to come Where

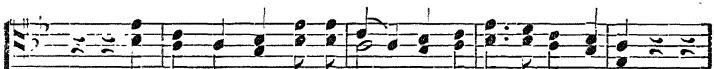


gloom - y night is known there, But aye the fade - less morn;
sin - ful thing nor e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there;
nei - ther death nor sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home;



I'm sigh - ing for that coun - try, My heart is ach - ing here;
The mu - sic of the ran - somed Is ring - ing in my ears,
O dear, dear na - tive coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!

I'm sigh - - ing
The mu - - sic
O dear,..... dear



There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
Christ brings us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love.

There is..... no pain
And when..... I think
Christ bring..... us all

Home-land,



The Homeland.

The Home-land, O the Home-land, To which I'm drawing near. Home-

The Home - land, Home-land, Home - land, Home-land.....

land, Home-land, The Home-land so dear! The Home-land.....
The Home-land so dear.... Home-land.....

..... Home-land..... Home-land,..... Home-land,..... the Home-land,

89

Just Abide.

Jno. R. Clements.

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B. D. Ackley.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

1. Is the day's load heav-y? Just a-bide: And the day's road
2. Is the life's song min-or? Just a-bide: And the night long
3. Is the day's heat blight-ing? Just a-bide: And the worn feet

storm-y? Just a-bide: If your heart is grow-ing wea-ry, And your
star-less? Just a-bide: Nev-er cloud but sil-ver lin-ing; For the
wea-ry? Just a-bide: Pil-grim songs in notes are thrill-ing, All the

rit e dim.

sky is gray and drear-y; Just a-bide, and keep on a-bid-ing.
sun is some-where shin-ing, Just a-bide, and keep on a-bid-ing.
soul with rap-ture fill-ing; Just a-bide, and keep on a-bid-ing.

Praise Him Evermore.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Kücken.
Arr. for this work.

1. Praise the Lord, His glo-ries show, Saints with - in His courts be - low,
 2. Praise the Lord, His mercies trace: Praise His prov - i - dence and grace,

An - gels 'round His throne a - bove, All that see and share His love:
 All that He for man hath done, All He sends us thro' His Son:

Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell His won - ders, sing His worth;
 Strings and voic - es hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts;

Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more,
 All that breathe, your Lord a - dore, Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more,

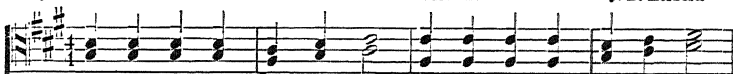
ff O praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more. O praise Him ev - er - more!

Bid the Din of Battle Cease.

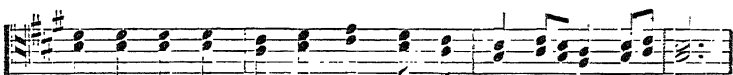
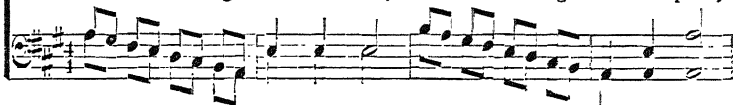
Julia Ward Howe.

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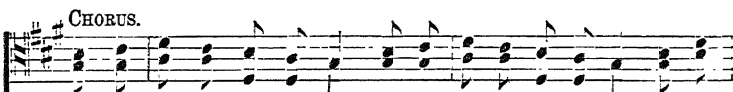
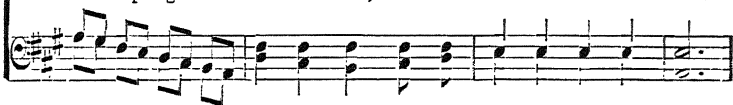
J. B. Herbert.



1. Bid the din of bat-tle cease! Fold-ed be the wings of fire!
2. Let the crim-son flood re-treat! Blend-ed in the arc of love,
3. Blinding pas-sion is sub-dued, Men dis-cern their com-mon birth;
4. High and ho-ly are the gifts He has lav-ish-ed on the race—
5. As in heav'ns bright face we look, Let our kind-ling souls ex-pand;



Let your cour-age con-quer peace—Ev-'ry gen-tle heart's do-sire.
Let the flags of na-tions meet; Bind the rav-en, loose the dove.
God hath made of kin-dred blood All the na-tions of the earth.
Hope that quickens, pray'r that lifts, Hon-or's meed and beau-ty's grace.
Let us pledge on na-ture's book, Heart to heart and hand to hand.



For the glo-ry that we saw In the bat-tle-flag unfurled, Let us



read Christ's better law; Fel-low-ship, fellowship for all the world!
bet-ter law; for all the world!

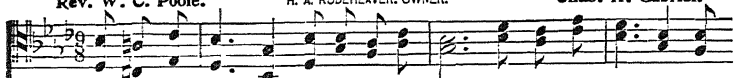


Jesus Remembered You.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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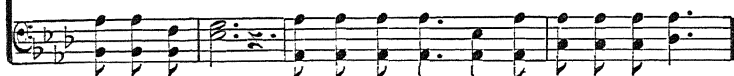
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Don't for-get Je - sus when long is the way; Don't for-get Je - sus when
2. Don't for-get Je - sus! When tempted to sin, Trust in His prom-ise—He'll
3. Don't for-get Je - sus, for He tho't of you When you had wandered, when
4. Don't for-get Je - sus, but on Him re - ly! Time, like a riv - er, is



dark is the day; Don't for-get Je - sus, He'll hear when you pray,
help you to win; In all your bat - tles, with-out and with-in,
you were un-true; Je - sus was faith - ful the whole jour-ney thro',
wan-der-ing by! Sure-ly you'll need Him the hour you must die,



CHORUS.



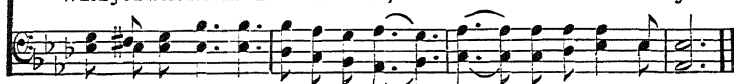
O don't, don't for-get Je - sus! Don't for-get Je - sus,



don't for-get Je - sus, So faith-ful, so lov - ing and true;....
so lov-ing and true;



When you were lost in darkness and sin, Je - sus re-mem-bered you!




Fight the Good Fight.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell.

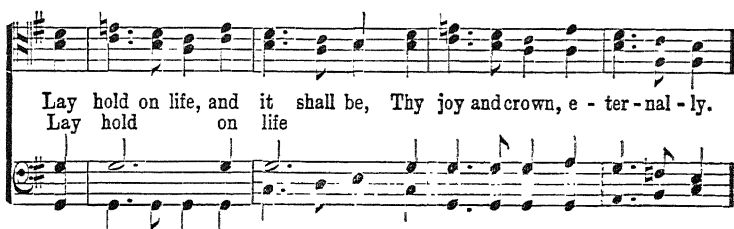
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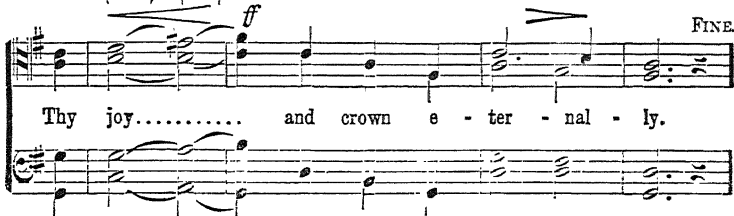
J. B. Herbert.

CHORUS. *Spirited.**cres.*


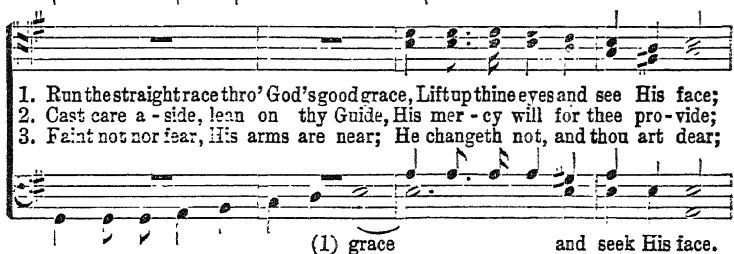
Fight the good fight with all thy might; For Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;



Lay hold on life, and it shall be, Thy joy and crown, e - ter - nal - ly.
Lay hold on life

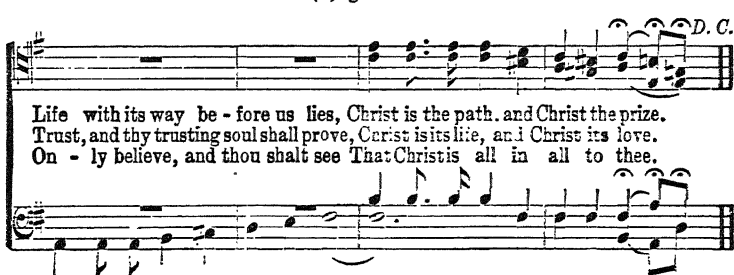


Thy joy..... and crown e - ter - nal - ly. FINE



1. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes and see His face;
2. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide, His mer - cy will for thee pro - vide;
3. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear;

(1) grace and seek His face.



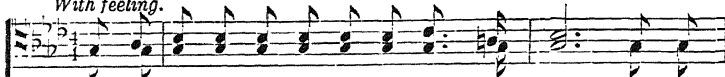
Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove, Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

Going Down the Valley.

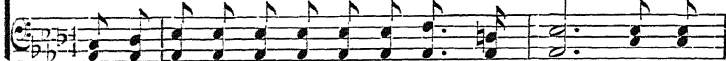

Jessie H. Brown.

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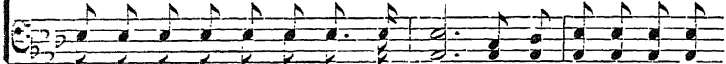

J. H. Fillmore.

With feeling.



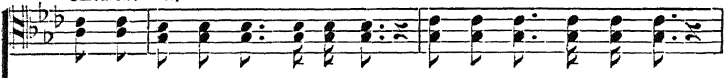
1. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, With our
 2. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, When the
 3. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, Hu - man

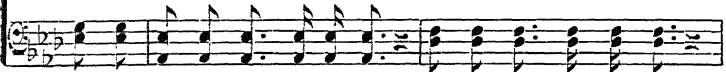
fa - cest'ward the set - ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the
 la - bors of the wea - ry days are done; One by one the cares of
 com - rade you or I will there have none: But a ten - der hand will

mourn - ful cy - press grows, Where the stream of death in si - lence on - ward flows.
 earth for - ev - er past, We shall stand up - on the riv - er - bank at last.
 guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.


CHORUS. *mf*


We are go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing down the val - ley,




Go - ing t'ward the set - ting of the sun; We are go - ing down the val - ley,



Going Down the Valley.

rit e dim.

Go - ing down the val - ley, Go - ing down the val - ley one by one.

95 If You Cannot Cross the Ocean.

Daniel March.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands ex -
2. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you cannot preach like
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for
4. Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleasure

plore, You can find the heath - en near - er,
 Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus,
 you, Let none hear you i - dly say - ing:
 be; An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth,

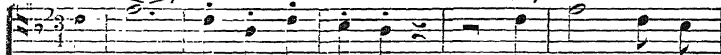
rall.

You can help them at your door, You can help them at your door.
 You can say He died for all, You can say He died for all.
 "There is noth - ing I can do, There is noth - ing I can do."
 "Here am I, O Lord send me, Here am I, O Lord send me."

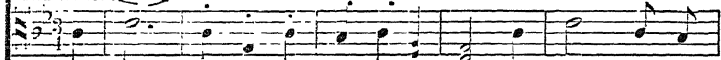
The Lord Bless Thee.

USED BY PERMISSION.

J. B. Herbert.

*Andante.*1st Tenor. *p*

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; The Lord make His

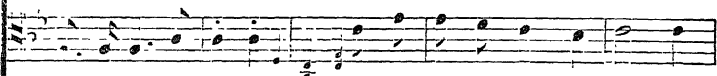
2nd Tenor. *p*

The Lord bless thee and keep thee The Lord make His

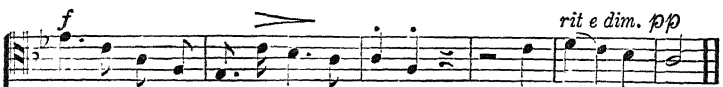
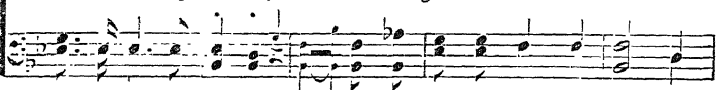
1st & 2nd Bass.



face to shine up - on thee, and be gra-cious un - to thee. The



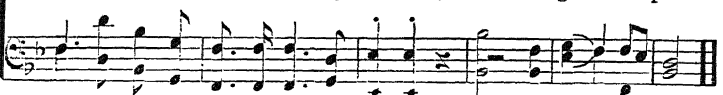
face to shine up - on thee, and be gra-cious un - to thee. The



Lord lift up his coun-te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.



Lord lift up his coun-te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.



* Small notes for right hand to be played as if written on treble staff.

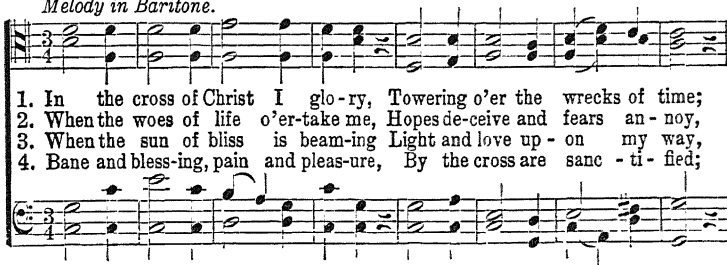
In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

J. Bowring.

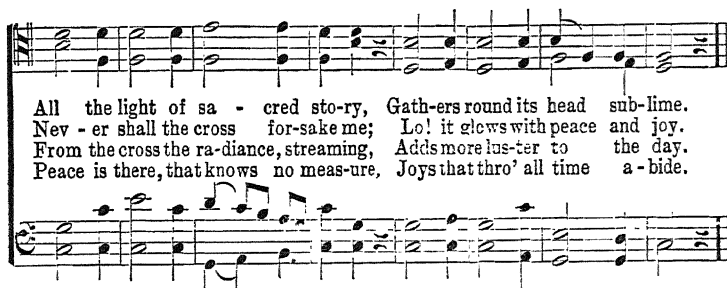
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J. Conkey.

Arr. for this work.

Melody in Baritone.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an- noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



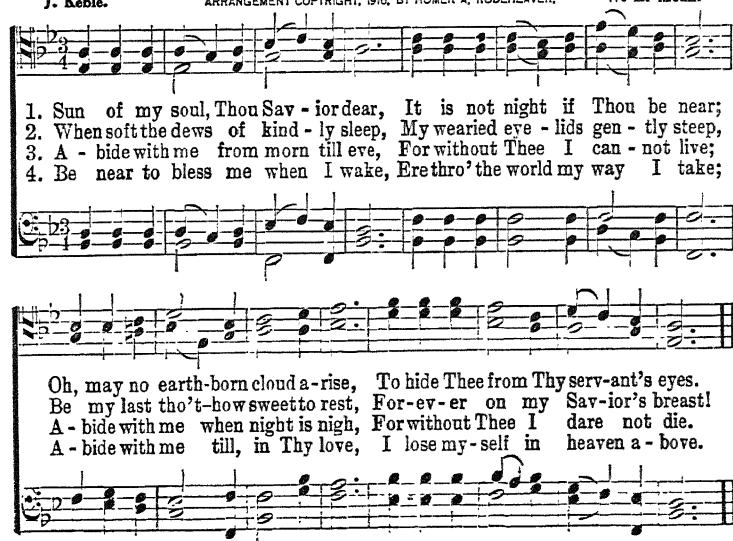
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance, streaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

J. Keble.

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W. H. Monk.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep, My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bid with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

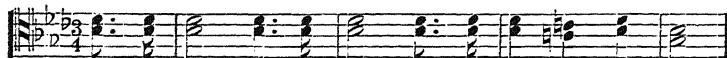
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't-hows sweet to rest, For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
 A - bid with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 A - bid with me till, in Thy love, I lose my-self in heaven a - bove.

Speed Away.

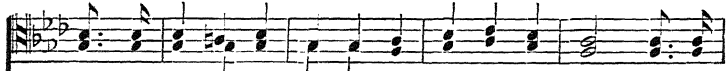
Words adapted by
Palmer Hartsough.

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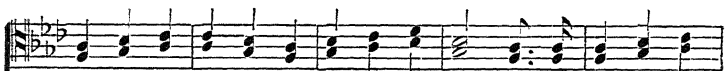
I. B. Woodbury.



1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! bless - ed gos - pel of light,
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! love - ly her - aids of peace,
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love.



There's a re - gion that li - eth in dark - ness of night, There's a
To the cap - tives in sor - row go take thou re - lease, To the
And the lost will look up to the Fa - ther a - bove, They will



shad - ow of death on that des - o - late shore, And a sad call that
fall - en that moan on the dark fields of strife, To the dy - ing O
turn from the dark - ness of sin and of wrong, They will walk in the



comes to our ears ev - er - more; O spread thy bright pin - ions, O
speak thou the sweet words of life, O haste with thy heal - ing, Bright
sun - light of glad - ness and song, Thy God will be with thee, Then



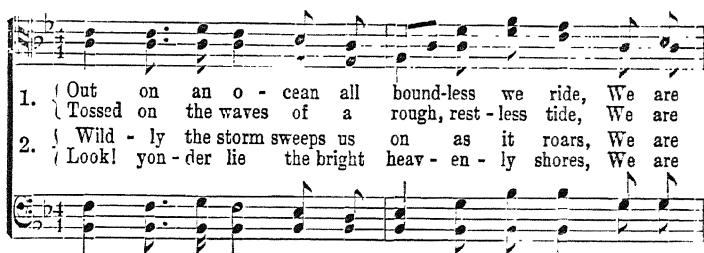
make no de - lay; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.
beams of the day; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.
why dost thou stay; Speed a - way! speed a - way, speed a - way.



Homeward Bound.

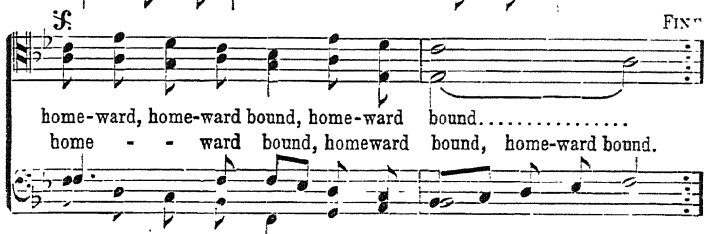
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J. D. Herfert.

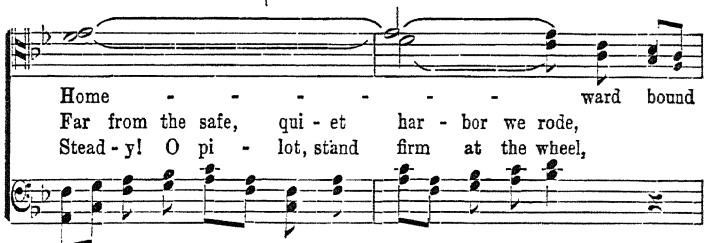


1. { Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We are
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We are

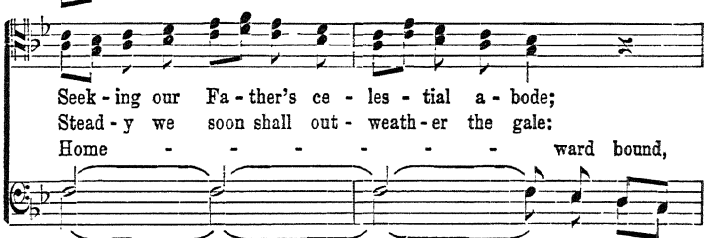
2. { Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We are
Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores, We are



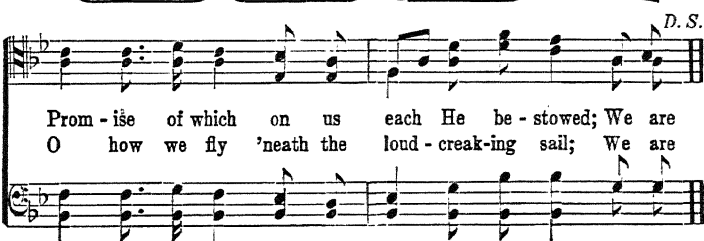
home-ward, home-ward bound, home-ward bound.....
home - - ward bound, homeward bound, home-ward bound.



Home - - - - - ward bound
Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode,
Stead - y! O pi - lot, stand firm at the wheel,



Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode;
Stead - y we soon shall out - weath - er the gale;
Home - - - - - ward bound,



Prom - ise of which on us each He be - stowed; We are
O how we fly 'neath the loud - creak - ing sail; We are

101

God Bless Our President.

Words Arranged.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. B. HERBERT.

J. B. Herbert.

1. God of all pow'r and might, Bless, bless our Pres-i-dent;
 2. God hear our heart-felt pray'r, Bless, bless our Pres-i-dent;
 3. Lord, may he fear Thy name, Bless, bless our Pres-i-dent;

Hear from Thy throne of light, Bless, bless our Pres-i-dent.
 Make him Thy spe-cial care, Bless, bless our Pres-i-dent.
 All e-vils put to shame, Bless, bless our Pres-i-dent.

cres.
 Be Thou his strength and stay, Guid-ing his steps al-way,
 Round him Thy mer-cies pour, Grant him still more and more,
 May he in eq-ui-ty, O'er all the land so free,

cres.
 Guard-ing both night and day; God bless our Pres-i-dent.
 Rich bless-ings in full store, God bless our Pres-i-dent.
 Our faith-ful rul-er be; God bless our Pres-i-dent.

102

Pilgrims and Strangers.

Anon.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Pil-grims here, and strang-ers, As our fa-thers were,
 2. Oft-times we are wea-ry, Of-ten times in pain,
 3. Grief will there be rap-ture, Toil will there be rest;

Pilgrims and Strangers.

We are hast-'ning on-ward To our home so fair.
But the hope of heav-en, Cheers our souls a - gain.
Each day brings us near-er To our home so blest.

103

God Calling Yet.

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Arr. from Bishop
for this work.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! loud shall He knock, And I my heart the clo-ser lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:

Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still! can I de-lay!
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His spir-it grieve?
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part, The voice of God hath reached my heart.

CHORUS. *p*

cres.

God is call-ing, gen-tly call-ing,
God is call-ing, gen-tly call-ing Call-ing, call-ing, gen-tly call-ing,

Sin-ner, heed His plead-ing voice, plead-ing voice.
Sin-ner, heed

Thy Will Be Done.

Schmolke.

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W. V. Wallace.

Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor, Give me Thy
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear; Let not my
4. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing

hand of love I would my all re-sign. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy,
 peo-ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure. The man-na of Thy word
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
 fu - ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove

Con-duct me as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy
 Let my soul feed up - on; And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy
 And sorrowed oft a - lone; If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy
 I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy

will be done. Thy will be done, my
 will be - Thy will be done, My Lord,
 will be done. Thy will be done

Lord,
 Thy will be done, my Lord, my Lord, Thy will be done.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Sav - iour di - vine!
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire;
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide;
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll,

*
 { Now hear me while I pray, }
 { Take all my guilt a - way, } Oh, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine.
 { As Thou hast died for me, }
 { Oh, may my love to thee, } Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 { Bid dark - ness turn to day, }
 { Wipe sorrow's tears away, } Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 { Blest Savior! then, in love, }
 { Fear and distrust re - move; } Oh, bear me safe above, A ran - somed soul.

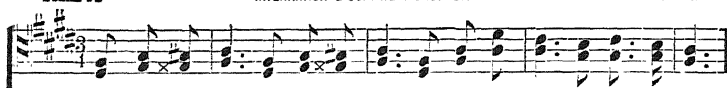
*Repeat may be sung by the basses.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; }
 { Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; }
 2. { Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; }
 { Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er: Let Thy mer - cy light on me; }
 3. { Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - iour, Let me live and cling to Thee; }
 { I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me; }
 4. { Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; }
 { Grace of God, so strong and bound - less Mag - ni - fy them all in me; }

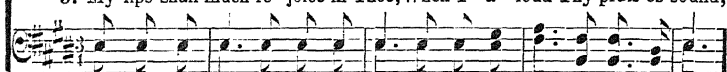

f *p* *rit.*
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.
 E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

Thou Art My Hope.


Psalm 71

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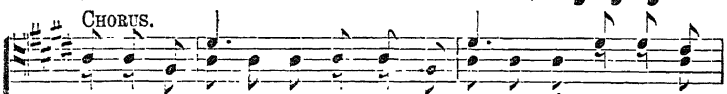
1. O Lord, my hope and con-fid-ence Are placed a-lone, a-lone in Thee;
2. O let me in Thy righteousness From Thee, from Thee de-liv'rance have;
3. My lips shall much re-joice in Thee, When I a-loud Thy prais-es sound;

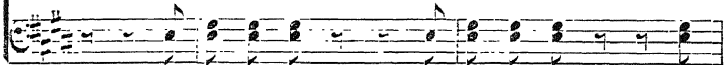

Then let me ev-er-more be kept, Be kept from all con-fu-sion free.
O res-cue me, in-cline Thy ear, In-cline Thy ear to hear and save.
My soul, by Thee redeemed from death, In joy, in joy shall much a-bound.



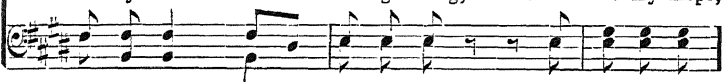

CHORUS.



Thou art my Hope,.... Thou art my Trust,.... Thou art my
Thou art my Hope, Thou art my Trust, Thou

Rock and Ref-uge strong; Thou art my Hope,
art my Rock and Ref-uge strong; Thou art my Hope,

Thou art my Trust, Thou art my Rock and Ref-uge strong.
Thou art my Trust,



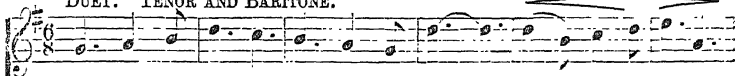
No Night There.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

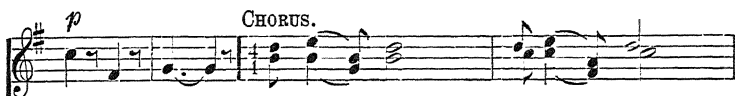
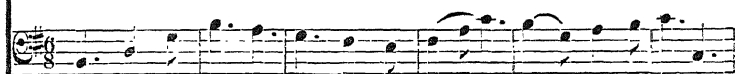
COPYRIGHT 1907 BY J. B. HERBERT.
H. A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

J. B. Herbert.

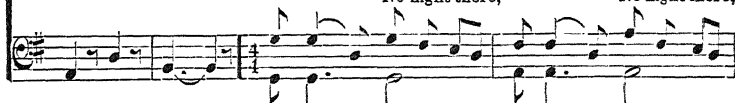
DUET. TENOR AND BARITONE.



1. In yon - der cit - y, Cloud-less and fair, Comes darkness nev-er;
2. Here we have darkness, Long nights of care; No darkness yonder,
3. Here we have sor-row, Each one his share; No tears in heaven,
4. Here we have cross-es That we must bear; No tri - als yonder,
5. That Light up yon-der, Ra - diant and fair, Is Christ, our Savior.



No night there. No night there, No night there,
No night there, No night there,



Light ev-er-last-ing! No night there, No night there,
No night there, No night there,



No night there, God's ho - ly cit - y; No night there!
No night there,



May Jesus Christ be Praised.

Tr. by Edward Caswell.

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J. B. Herbert.

m *cres.* 3

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries.....
 2. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find,
 3. In heav-en's eternal bliss The loveliest strain is this,

May Jesus Christ be praised,
 May Jesus Christ be praised,
 May Jesus Christ be praised,

m *cres.*

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer, To Je - sus I re-
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earthly bliss, My comfort still is
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky, From depth to height re-

cres. *ff*

pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised,..... be praised.
 this; May Je - sus Christ be praised,..... be praised.
 ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised,..... be praised.

Now the Day is Over.

S. B. Gould.

J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
 4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Now the Day is Over.

Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy tend-'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

(1) Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a - cross..... the sky.

111

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber.

Arr. for this work.
 John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eyes of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a-round the glassy sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim
 sin - ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer-ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur-i - ty.
 mer-ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty.

G. H. G.

WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1914,
BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The or-der has gone forth—"Move forward!" Gird on the armor and a-way!
 2. From far and near the cryings "Help us!" Behold, the mo-ment is at hand
 3. Be-fore thine eyes a might-y ar-my Goes marching onward to the grave;

In columns firm and strong advancing On to the front without de-lay.
 When ev'ry loy-al Chris-tian sol-dier Should hear and heed the Lord's command.
 And will ye see them pressing for-ward, Nor reach a friend-ly hand to save,

On to the front! oh, be up and a-way! Let not the din of strife o'er-
 Should hear the Lord, for He speaks to command, For Satan's strongholds must be
 Nor reach a hand to de-liv-er and save? From o'er the waters, too, comes

whelm thee; Let not the en-e-my a-larm, For lo! there go-eth on be-
 ta-ken, His i-dols must be o-ver-thrown; Let ev'-ry vol-un-teer a-
 ring-ing The plead-ing Mac-e-do-nian cry; Oh, Christian, rouse ye from thy

CHORUS.

fore thee One a-ble to de-fend from harm.
 wak-en, And make the cause of right his own. To the front, O sol-dier
 slum-ber, And an-swer, "Master, here am I!"

Move Forward!

brave! Go, a world from sin to save! In ar - - mor
on, on! on, on! In ar - mor clad, with

clad, Move on to the field, On, on,.... without de-lay!
sword and shield, Move forward to the battle-field, On to the front without de-lay!

113 Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Joanna Kinkel.

1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op - press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall-ing, 'Mid tempt-ers' voi-ces call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

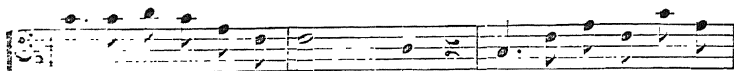
Re-mem-ber me, O Mighty One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

114 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

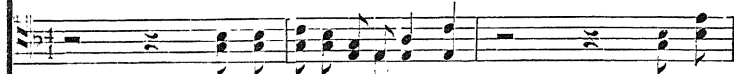
Joseph Scriven.

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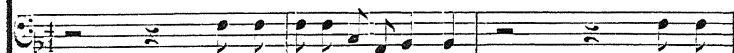
C. C. Converse.
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



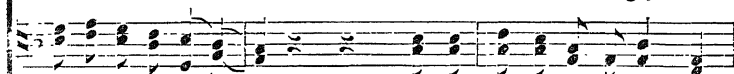
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to
 2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta - - tions, Is there trouble a - ny-
 3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - - den, Cum-bere'd with a load of



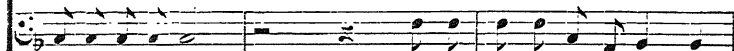
1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our
 2. Have we tri-als and temptations, Is there
 3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cumbered




bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - - ry,
 where? We should nev-er be dis - cour - - aged
 care? Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our ref - - uge,



sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry,
 trou-ble a - ny-where? We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged,
 with a load of care? Pre-cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,




Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r..... O what peace we oft - en
 Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... Can we find a friend so
 Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... Do thy friends de-spise, for-



to God in pray'r.
 the Lord in pray'r.
 the Lord in pray'r.



What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

for - feit, O what needless pain we bear..... All be-cause we do not
 faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?.... Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry
 sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r..... In His arms He'll take and

All be-
 Je - sus
 In His

car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!.....
 weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!.....
 shield thee, Thou wilt find a shel-ter there.....

cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!(to God in pray'r!)
 knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!(the Lord in pray'r!)
 arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a shelter there. (a shel-ter there.)

115

Death and Eternity.

C. H. G.
Feelingly.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

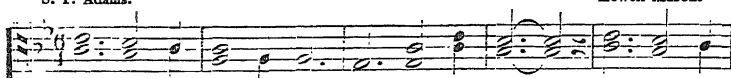
1. Com-ing when the day is bright, Com-ing in the si - lent night, Com-ing at the
2. Com-ing to the gay and proud, Coming with a snow white shroud, Coming to the
3. Com-ing with unhindered sway, Com-ing ev-'ry fleet-ing day, Com-ing to the
4. Com-ing to the sin - ful one, Com-ing when our life is done, Gath'ring to the

ad lib. *Echo.*

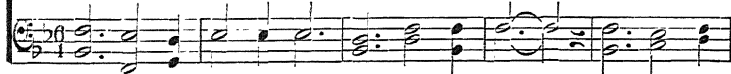
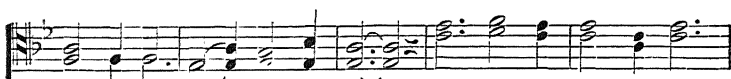
morn-ing light,
 gray head bowed, Coming, coming, death and e - ter-ni-ty, E - ter-ni-ty.
 young and gay,
 judg-ment throne.

S. F. Adams.

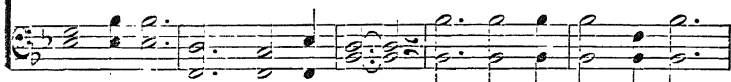
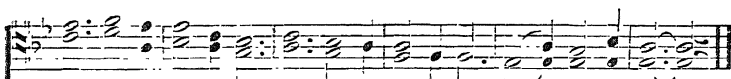
Lowell Mason.



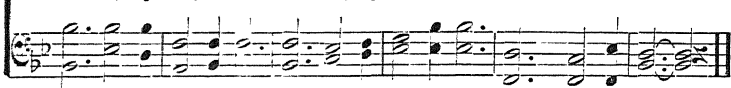
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark-ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Then, with my waking thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a - stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,


Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!



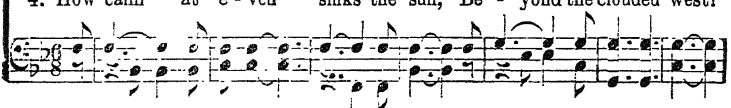
Anon.

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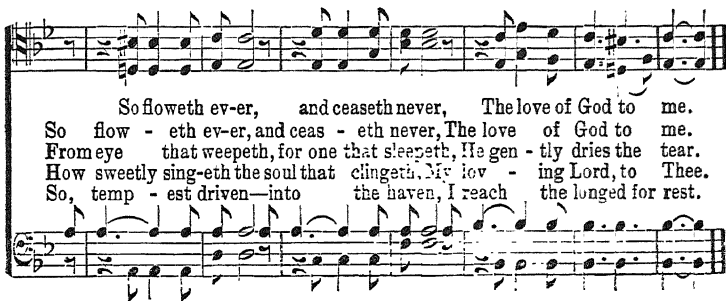
J. B. Herbert.



(1) As flows the riv - er calm and deep, In silence t'ward the sea;
 1. As flows the riv - er, calm and deep, In si - lence t'ward the sea,
 2. He kind - ly keepeth those He loves, Se - cure from ev - 'ry fear;
 3. What peace He bringeth to my heart, Deep as the soundless sea!
 4. How calm at e - ven sinks the sun, Be - yond the clouded west!



As Flows the River.



So floweth ev-er, and ceaseth never, The love of God to me.
 So flow - eth ev-er, and ceas - eth never, The love of God to me.
 From eye that weepeth, for one that sleepeth, He gen - tly dries the tear.
 How sweetly sing-eth the soul that clingeth, My lov - ing Lord, to Thee.
 So, temp - est driven—into the haven, I reach the longed for rest.

118

God of Our Fathers.

Daniel C. Roberts.

USED BY PERMISSION.

George W. Warren.
 Arr. by Henry Fillmore.



ff *3* *3* *2*

Trumpets
 (before each verse.)

1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes - ti - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,

Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
 In this free-land by Thee our lot is cast;
 Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de-fense;
 Lead us from night to nev - er - end-ing day;

Of shin-ing worlds in
 Be Thou our ru - ler,
 Thy true re - lig - ion
 Fill all our lives with

splen-dor thro' the skies,
 guardian, guide and stay,
 in our hearts in-crease,
 love and grace di - vine,

Our grateful songs be-fore Thy throne a - rise.
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos-en way.
 Thy bounteous goodness nour-ish us in peace.
 And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.

Plantation Songs.

119 Lord, I Want to be a Christian.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER

Arr. for this work.

p



1. Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
 2. Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
 3. Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
 4. I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart, in-a my heart;
 5. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart, in-a my heart;




p



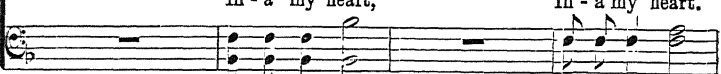
Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian, In-a my heart.
 Lord, I want to be more lov-ing, In-a my heart.
 Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart.
 I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart.
 Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart.



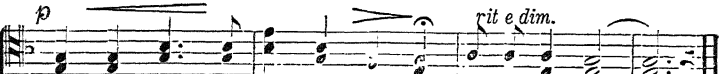
m REFRAIN. *cres.*



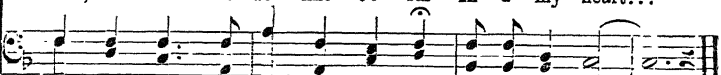
In-a my heart,..... In-a my heart,..... In-a my heart.....
 In-a my heart, In-a my heart, In-a my heart.



p *rit e dim.*



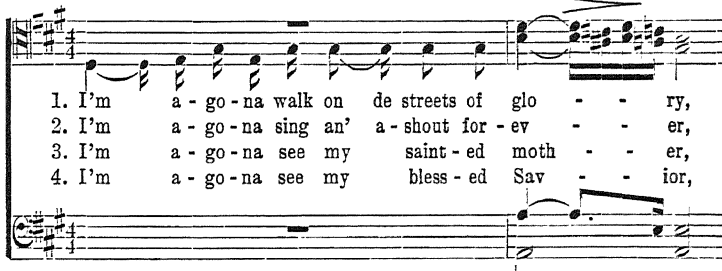
Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart...
 Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart...
 Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart...
 I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart...
 Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart...



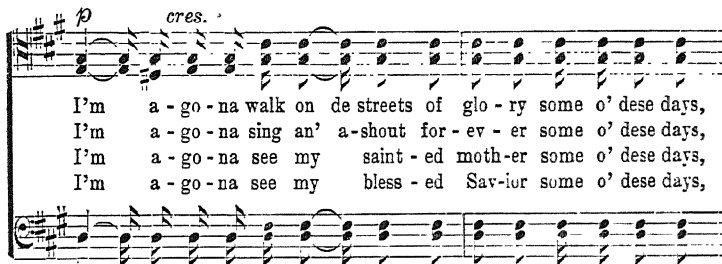
Some O' Dese Days.

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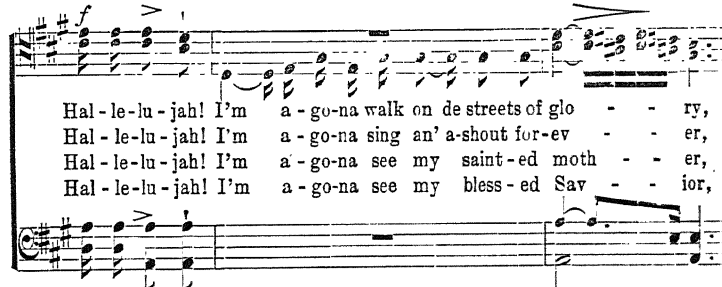
Arranged by
Homer A. Rodeheaver.



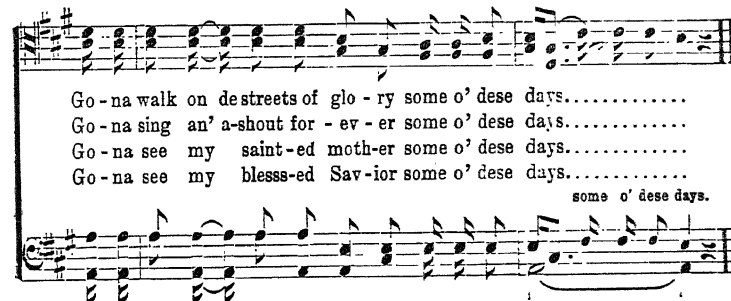
1. I'm a-go-na walk on de streets of glo - - ry,
2. I'm a-go-na sing an' a-shout for - ev - - er,
3. I'm a-go-na see my saint-ed moth - - er,
4. I'm a-go-na see my bless-ed Sav - - ior,



p *cres.*
I'm a-go-na walk on de streets of glo - ry some o' dese days,
I'm a-go-na sing an' a-shout for - ev - er some o' dese days,
I'm a-go-na see my saint-ed moth-er some o' dese days,
I'm a-go-na see my bless-ed Sav-ior some o' dese days,



f
Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a-go-na walk on de streets of glo - - ry,
Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a-go-na sing an' a-shout for-ev - - er,
Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a-go-na see my saint-ed moth - - er,
Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a-go-na see my bless-ed Sav - - ior,

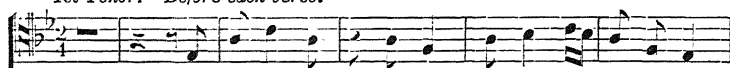


Go-na walk on destreets of glo - ry some o' dese days.....
Go-na sing an' a-shout for - ev - er some o' dese days.....
Go-na see my saint-ed moth-er some o' dese days.....
Go-na see my blesss-ed Sav-ior some o' dese days.....
some o' dese days.

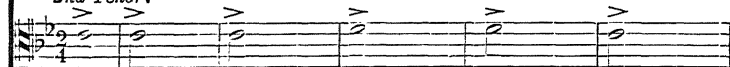
Go Ring Dem Bells.

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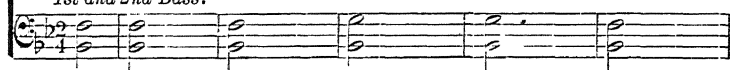
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor. Before each verse.

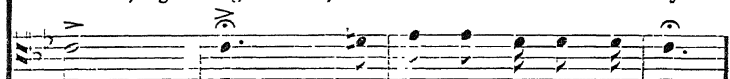
O Pe-ter, go ring dem bells; Pe-ter, go ring dem bells;

2nd Tenor.

Bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,

1st and 2nd Bass.

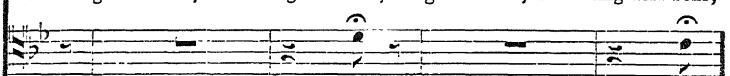
Pe - ter, go ring dem bells, I heard from heav - en to - day.



bells, bells, I heard from heav - en to - day.



1. I wonder where brudder Moses's gone, I wonder where brudder Moses's gone,
2. I wonder where brudder Daniel's gone, I wonder where brudder Daniel's gone,
3. It's good news, O ring dem bells, It's good news, O ring dem bells,

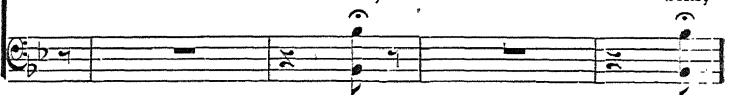


1-2. gone,

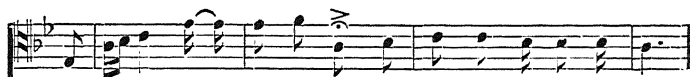
3. bells,

gone,

bells,



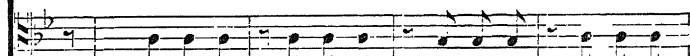
Go Ring Dem Bells.



O he's gone where E - li - jah's gone, — I heard from heav-en to - day.
 O he's gone where E - li - jah's gone, — I heard from heav-en to - day.
 It's good news, O ring dem bells, — I heard from heav-en to - day.



Ding ding dong, ding ding dong, Ding ding dong, ding ding dong,



Ding ding dong, ding ding dong, Ding ding dong, ding ding dong,



Ding ding dong, ding ding dong bell, Ding dong, ding ding dong bell,



Ding ding dong, ding dong bell, Ding dong, ding dong bell.



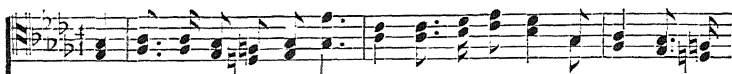
Ding ding dong, ding dong bell, Ding dong, ding dong bell.



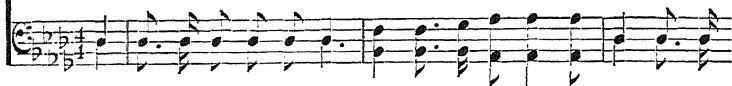
Ding dong, ding ding dong bell, Ding dong, ding dong bell.

O Fare You Well, My Brother.

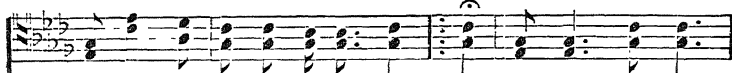
Arr. for this work.



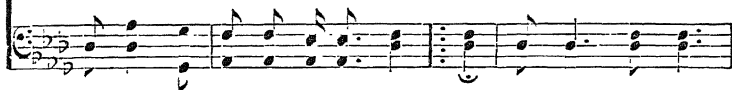
1. O fare you well, my broth-er, Fare-well for-ev-er, O fare-well, my
 2. O fare you well, my sis-ter, Fare-well for-ev-er, O fare-well, my



CHORUS.



- broth-er, for I am go-ing home. O good-bye, good-bye,
 sis-ter, for I am go-ing home.

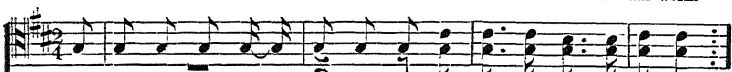
*Repeat softly.*

- I'm bound to leave you; Good-bye, good-bye, for I am go-ing home.

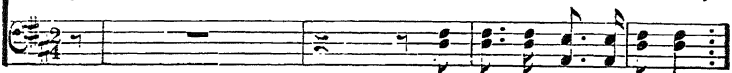


Until de War is Ended.

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Plantation Song.
Arr. for this work.

1. { Mine eyes are turned to the heb-benly gate, Un-til de war is end-ed. }
 { I'll keep my way, or I'll be too late, Un-til de war is end-ed. }
 2. { De tall-est tree in Par-a-dise, Un-til de war is end-ed. }
 { De Chris-tians call de Tree of Life Un-til de war is end-ed. }
 3. { Greentrees a-burn-in' why not de dry? Un-til de war is end-ed. }
 { My Sav-ior died, and why not I? Un-til de war is end-ed. }



Until de War is Ended.

CHORUS.

Stay in de field,..... Stay in de field.....
O war - rior, O war - rior,

Stay in de field Un - til de war is end - ed.

124

I've Been List'ning.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Arr. for this work.

I've been list-'ning all de night long, Been list-'ning all de
list-'ning, list-'ning, list-'ning, list-'ning, list-'ning, list-'ning,

day. I've been list-'ning all de night long To hear some sin-ner pray.
list-'ning list-'ning, list-'ning all de night long.

Repeat softly. FINE

BARITONE SOLO.

1. Some said that John, de Bap-tist, was noth-ing but a Jew,
2. Go read the fifth of Matthew, an' read de chap-ter thro',

D. C.

But de Bi - ble doth in - form us Dat he was a preacher, too.
It is de guide to Christians, An' a - tells dem what to do-

View De Land.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Arr. for this work.

Oh way o - ver Jor - dan, View de land, View de land:

way o - ver Jor - dan, Go view de heaven - ly land. FINE

1. { Der is a tree in Par - a - dise; View de land, View de land;
I specksto eat right off dat tree; View de land, View de land;
2. { What kind o' shoes is dem-a you wear? View de land, View de land;
Dem shoes I wear am gos - pel shoes; View de land, View de land;
3. { You say de Lord hab set you free; View de land, View de land;
You say your aim-in' for de skies; View de land, View de land;

D. C.

De Chris-tian call de Tree of Life; Go view de heavenly land. }
 Ef bus - y old Sa-tan will let-a me be; Go view de heavenly land. }
 Dat you can walk up - on de air? Go view de heavenly land. }
 An' you can wear dem ef-a you choose: Go view de heavenly land. }
 Why don't you let-a your neigh - bor be? Go view de heavenly land. }
 Why don't you stop-a your tell - ing lies? Go view de heavenly land. }

126 I Know the Lord's Laid His Hands on Me.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

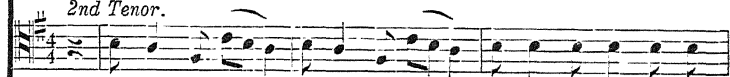
Arr. for this work.

1st Tenor.

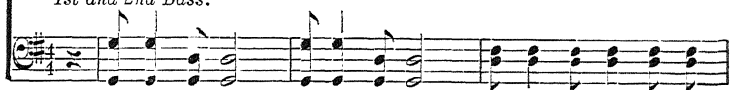


O I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His

2nd Tenor.

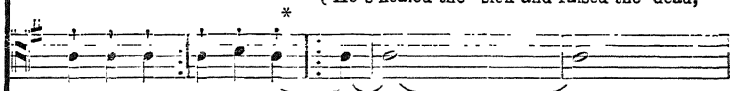


I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His
1st and 2nd Bass.



hands on me, hands on me.

{ Did ev-er you see the like be-fore?
King Je-sus preaching to the poor
O was-n't that a hap-py day?
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way?
Some seek the Lord, and don't seek right,
They fool all day and pray all night;
O my Lord's done just what He said,
He's healed the sick and raised the dead,



hands on me, hands on me.....



I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; hands on me.



I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; hands on me.



*After D.C. these notes staccato.

I've Been Toilin' at de Hill.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

CHORUS.

I've been toil - in' at de hill so long, O yes! I've been

toil - in' at de hill so long, Thank God! I've been toil - in' at de

hill so long, my Lord, An' a-bout to git to hebb-en at last.

1. O broth-er, aint you glad?

O broth-er, aint you glad?

2. O sis - ter, aint you glad?

O sis - ter, aint you glad?

3. O moth-er, aint you glad?

O moth-er, aint you glad?

O yes!

Thank God!

O broth-er, aint you glad, my Lord? An' a-bout to git to hebb-en at last!


O sis - ter, aint you glad, my Lord? An' a-bout to git to hebb-en at last!

O moth-er, aint you glad, my Lord? An' a-bout to git to hebb-en at last!

When De Lamp Burn Down.

Arr. for this work.

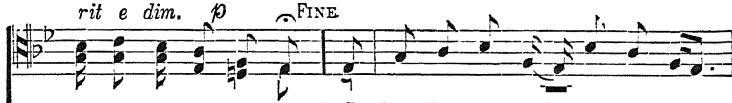
REFRAIN.




O poor sin-ner, now is your time! O poor sin-ner, What yo' gwine to

rit e dim.

FINE




1. De lamp burn down an' yo' can-not see;
do when de lamp burn down? 2. Ole Sa - tan mad an' I am glad;
3. Ole Sa - tan's a liar an' a con-jurer too;



De lamp burn down an' yo'
What yo' gwine to do when de lamp burn down? He miss one soul dat He
If you don't mind, he'll

rit.

D. C.

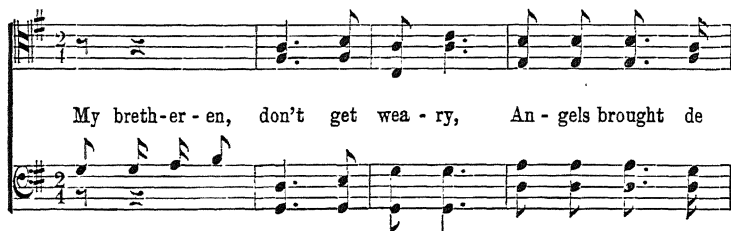


can - not see;
tho't he had; What yo' gwine to do when de lamp burn down?
slip it on you;

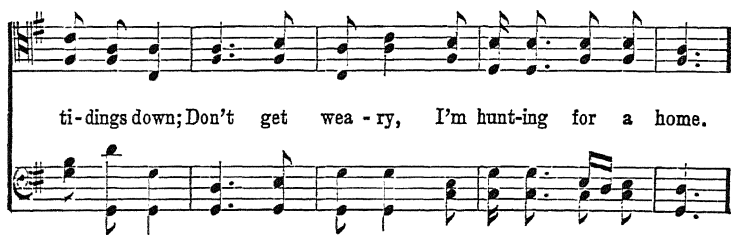
Don't Get Weary.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 19'6, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER,

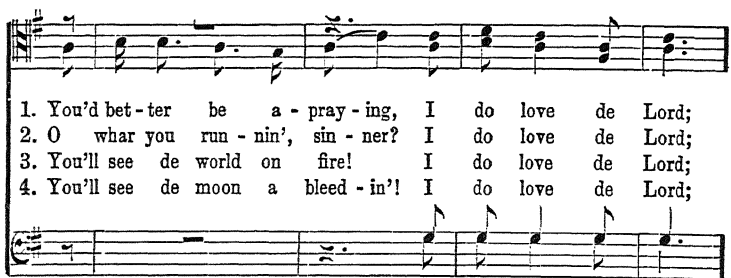
Arr. for this work.




My breth-er - en, don't get wea - ry, An - gels brought de



ti-dings down; Don't get wea - ry, I'm hunt-ing for a home.



1. You'd bet-ter be a - pray - ing, I do love de Lord;
 2. O whar you run - nin', sin - ner? I do love de Lord;
 3. You'll see de world on fire! I do love de Lord;
 4. You'll see de moon a bleed - in'! I do love de Lord;

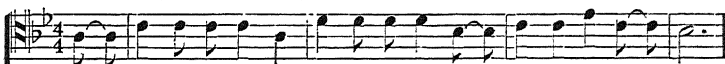


D. C.
 For judg-ment day is a com - ing, I do love de Lord.
 De judg-ment day is a com - ing, I do love de Lord.
 You'll see de el - e-ment melt-in', I do love de Lord.
 You'll see de stars a fall - in', I do love de Lord.

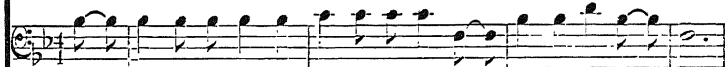
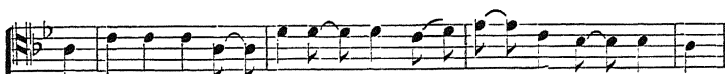
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Words and music
arr. for this work.

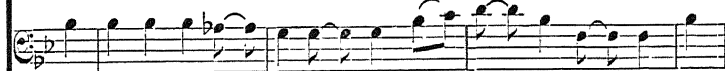
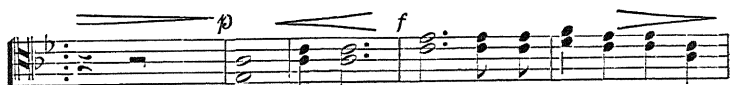
DUET. *Tenor and Baritone.*



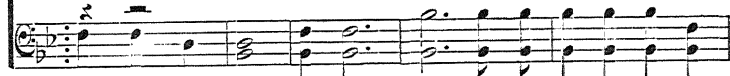

1. De birds ob de air hab nest in de tree, De fox hab hole in de groun';
2. You may go dis-a-way, an' go dat-a-way, You may go from do' to do';
3. O while you are marching, marching a-long, Dis road from day to day,


An' eb-ry-t'ing hab a hid-ing place, But we, poor sinner, hab none.
But ef you haint got de love in yo' heart, O de deb-il will git you sho!
You'd bet-ter quit your mean-ness now, And git in de gos - pel way.

Now aint dat hard tri - als, great trib - u - la - tion, Aint dat

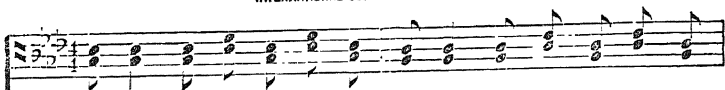
hard tri - als! I'm bou'n' to leave dis world! leave dis world!





131 De Love Come A-Trickaling Down.

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Imitation of a Spiritual.
J. B. Herbert.




1. Broth-er, de Lord has been here; Broth-er, de Lord has been here;
2. Sis - ter, de Lord has been here; Sis - ter, de Lord has been here;
3. El - der, de Lord has been here; El - der, de Lord has been here;
4. Dea - con, de Lord has been here; Dea - con, de Lord has been here;
5. Preach-er, de Lord has been here; Preach-er, de Lord has been here;


Broth-er, de Lord has been here; O how de Love come a-trick-a-ling down!
Sis - ter, de Lord has been here; O how de Love come a-trick-a-ling down!
El - der, de Lord has been here; O how de Love come a-trick-a-ling down!
Dea - con, de Lord has been here; O how de Love come a-trick-a-ling down!
Preacher, de Lord has been here; O how de Love come a-trick-a-ling down!




CHORUS.




De Love come a-trick-a-ling down, Trickaling down, trickalingdown,
De Love come a-trickaling, trickaling, Trickaling, trickaling, Trickaling down,



down, down,



De Love come a-tricka-ling down, Trick-a-ling, trick-a-ling down.
De Love come a-trickaling, trick-a-ling,



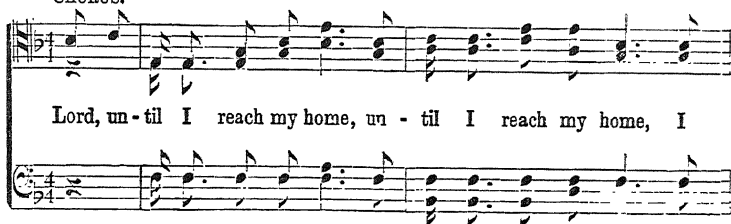
down

Until I Reach My Home.

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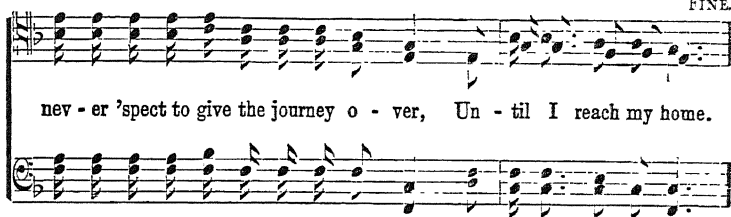
Arr. for this work.

CHORUS.



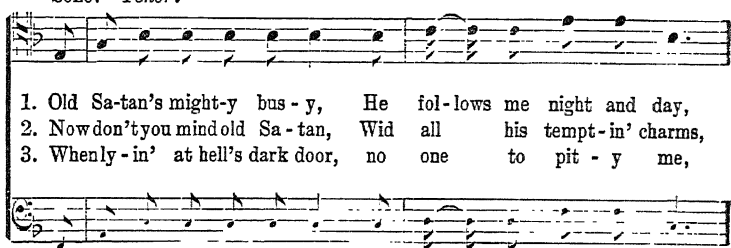
Lord, un - til I reach my home, un - til I reach my home, I

FINE.



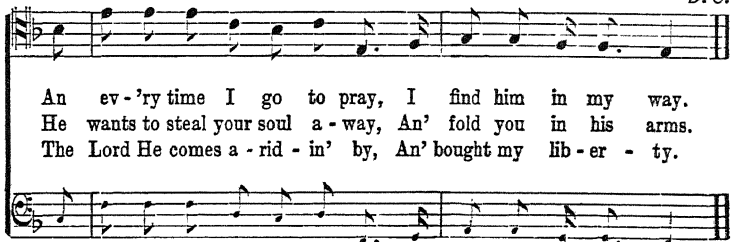
nev - er 'spect to give the journey o - ver, Un - til I reach my home.

SOLO. Tenor.*



1. Old Sa-tan's might-y bus - y, He fol-lows me night and day,
2. Now don't you mind old Sa - tan, Wid all his tempt-in' charms,
3. Whenly - in' at hell's dark door, no one to pit - y me,

D. C.



An ev - 'ry time I go to pray, I find him in my way.
He wants to steal your soul a - way, An' fold you in his arms.
The Lord He comes a - rid - in' by, An' bought my lib - er - ty.

*For variety, let bass sing 2nd verse as indicated by small notes.

Somebody's Knocking.

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J. B. Herbert.

Imitation of Freedman's Spiritual.

Some-bod-y's knock-ing at your door, knocking; Some - bo - dy's

knock-ing at your door..... O sin-ner, why don't you answer?

Some-bod - y's knocking at your door. Knocking, knock-ing.
door.....

1. Sounds like Je-sus knocking, knocking; Somebody's knocking at your door;
2. Don't you hear Him knocking, knocking! Somebody's knocking at your door;
3. An - swer Je-sus' knocking, knocking! Somebody's knocking at your door;
4. Je - sus calls you, knocking, knocking; Somebody's knocking at your door;

Sounds like Je-sus knocking, knocking; Somebody's knocking at your door.
Don't you hear Him knocking, knocking! Somebody's knocking at your door.
An - swer Je-sus' knocking, knocking, Somebody's knocking at your door.
Je - sus calls you, knocking, knocking, Somebody's knocking at your door.

Swing Low.

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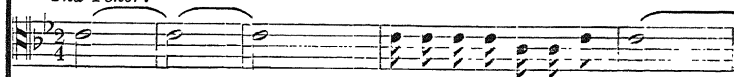
Arr. for this work.

1st Tenor.



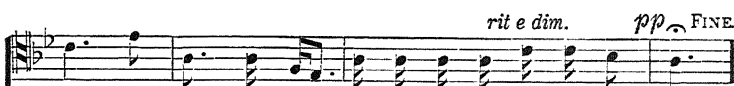
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car - ry me home, Swing

2nd Tenor.

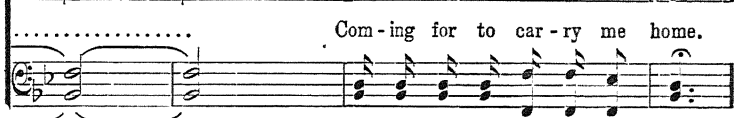
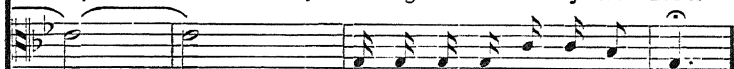


Hum.....

Coming for to car - ry me home.....



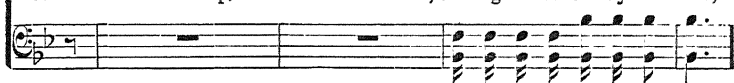
low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.



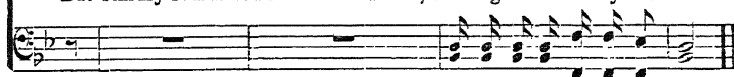
1st and 2nd Tenor.



1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan, what did I see, Coming for to car - ry me home?
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Coming for to car - ry me home;
3. I'm sometimes up, I'm some-times down, Coming for to car - ry me home;

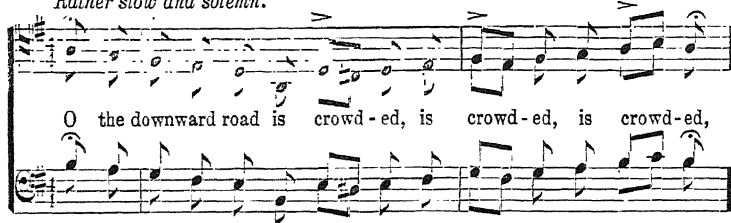


A band of an - gels coming aft - er me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm com - ing, too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
But still my soul feels heaven - ward bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

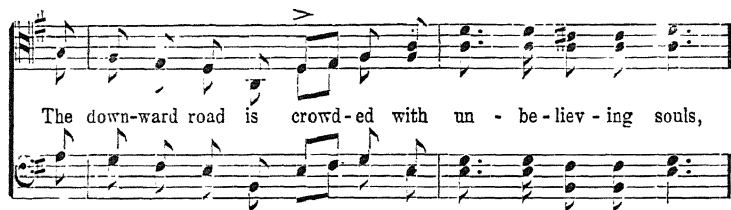


The Downward Road is Crowded.

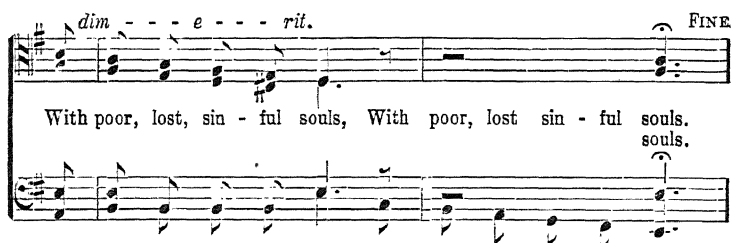
Words arr. by H. B. J.

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Imitation of Freedmen's Song.*Rather slow and solemn.*


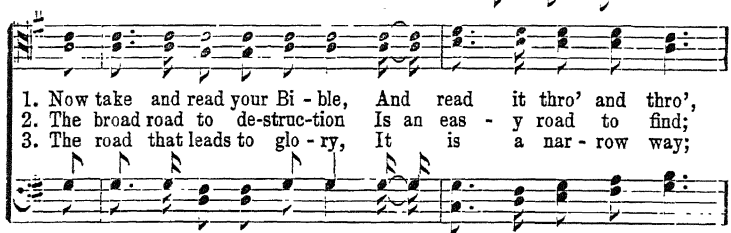
O the downward road is crowd-ed, is crowd-ed, is crowd-ed,



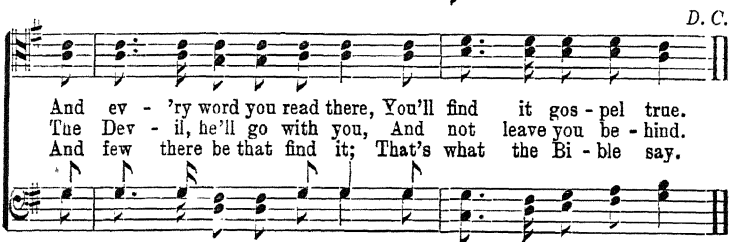
The down-ward road is crowd-ed with un - be - liev - ing souls,



dim - - e - - rit. FINE
With poor, lost, sin - ful souls, With poor, lost sin - ful souls.



1. Now take and read your Bi - ble, And read it thro' and thro',
2. The broad road to de-struc-tion Is an eas - y road to find;
3. The road that leads to glo - ry, It is a nar - row way;



D. C.
And ev - 'ry word you read there, You'll find it gos - pel true.
Tue Dev - il, he'll go with you, And not leave you be - hind.
And few there be that find it; That's what the Bi - ble say.

Secular Selections.

136

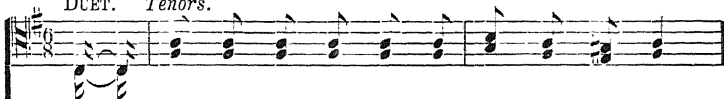
Workers and Shirkers.

Suggested by the poem
"Lifting and Leaning"
by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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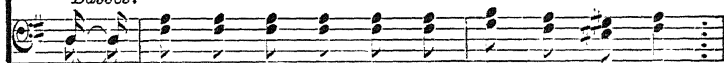
J. B. Herbert.

DUET. Tenors.



1. { Two class - es of men we have all of us seen,
They are no more a - like than a pearl and a bean;
2. { You'll find them in school, 'mong the girls and the boys,
Look how poor moth - er works, day and night with a will;
3. { You'll find a - mong strong men who work by the day,
You'll find a - mong church mem - bers some who will work;
4. { Yes, you'll find just a few in the church - es to - day,
O don't be so sel - fish, and lit - tle and mean;

Basses.

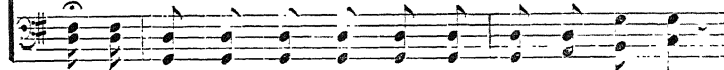


The fel - lows who lift, and the fel - lows who lean, }
The fel - lows who lift, and the fel - lows who lean. }
And the do - lit - tle ones al - ways make the most noise. }
And the girls in the par - lor, dressed up fit to kill! }
That man - y are weak while the boss is a - way; }
But a good man - y more who do noth - ing but shirk. }
Who are read - y to sac - ri - fice, la - bor and pray: }
But learn to help lift, and not on - ly to lean. }

CHORUS.

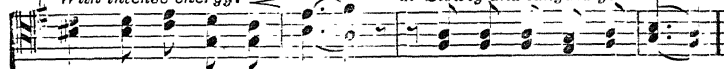


O the two kinds of peo - ple that we have all seen,

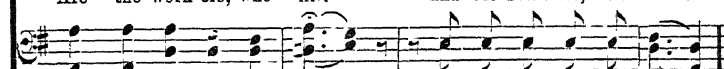


With intense energy. *ff*

m Slowly and languidly. *



Are the work - ers, who lift. and the shirk - ers, who lean.



*For the word "lift" vitalize muscles and clench fists as if lifting.
And for the word "lean" relax and lean against each other.

Mother Grinding Coffee.

L. W. Smith.

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ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. B. HERBERT.

J. B. Herbert.

1. On a clear and frost - y morn - ing as I wan - der down the street,
2. I can see the ta - ble stand - ing near with ev - 'ry - thing in place;

Melody.

3. I can see my fa - ther com - ing in with snow - flakes covered o'er,
4. But a home - less, friendless wan - d'r'er now, of ev - 'ry - thing be - reft:

And my ap - pe - tite is call - ing loud for some - thing warm to eat; A most
And the plate of crisp - y dough - nuts wear a most fa - mil - iar face; But the

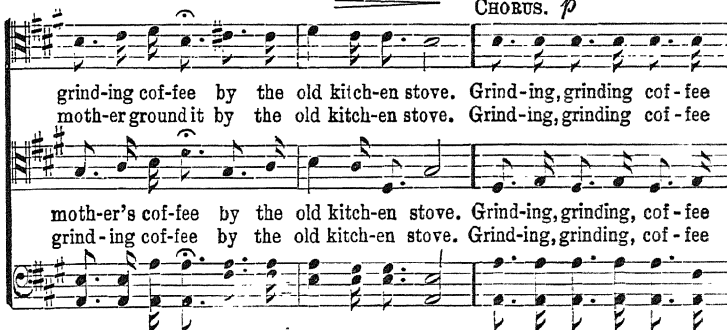
And the wave of frost - y air but made our com - fort seem the more; Oh, to
Aft - er struggling hard with toil and care there on - ly mem - 'ry left; And the

tan - ta - liz - ing picture comes wher - e'er I chance to rove Of my mother
fragrance of that cof - fee seems to fol - low where I rove, Fresh as when my.

see that hap - py place a - gain, how far these feet would rove Just to taste my
scene that brings my whole life back, as cold and faint I rove, Is my moth - er

Mother Grinding Coffee.

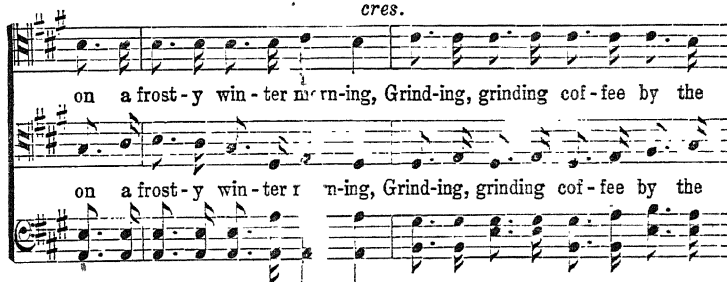
CHORUS. *p*



grind-ing cof-fee by the old kitch-en stove. Grind-ing, grinding cof-fee
moth-er ground it by the old kitch-en stove. Grind-ing, grinding cof-fee

moth-er's cof-fee by the old kitch-en stove. Grind-ing, grinding, cof-fee
grind-ing cof-fee by the old kitch-en stove. Grind-ing, grinding, cof-fee

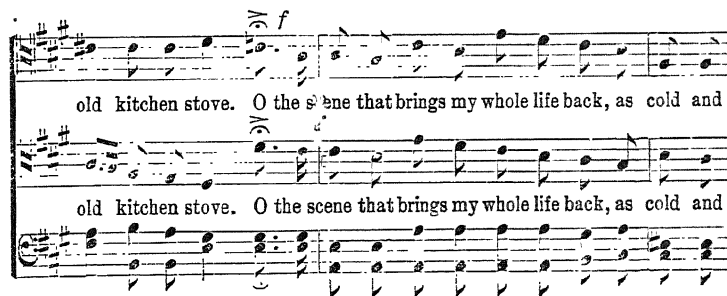
cres.



on a frost-y win-ter morn-ing, Grind-ing, grinding cof-fee by the

on a frost-y win-ter morn-ing, Grind-ing, grinding cof-fee by the

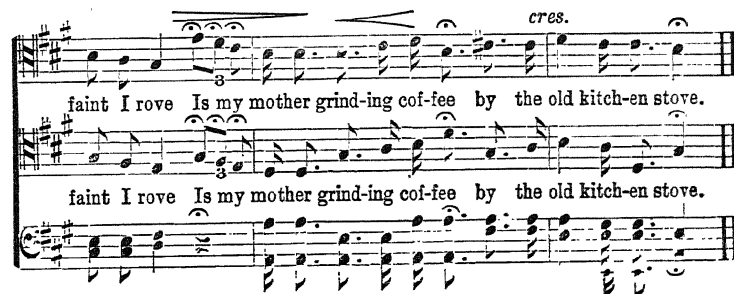
f



old kitchen stove. O the scene that brings my whole life back, as cold and

old kitchen stove. O the scene that brings my whole life back, as cold and

cres.



faint I rove Is my mother grind-ing cof-fee by the old kitch-en stove.

faint I rove Is my mother grind-ing cof-fee by the old kitch-en stove.

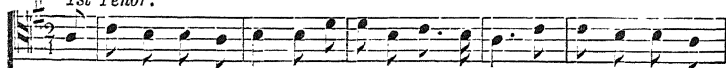
I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Claribel.

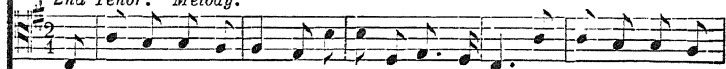
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor.



1. I can-not sing the old songs I sang long years a-go, For heart and voice would

2nd Tenor. Melody.



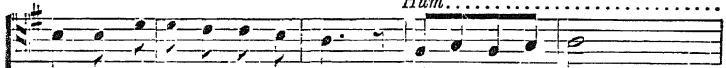
2. I can-not sing the old songs; Their charm is sad and deep; Their mel-o-dies would

3. I can-not sing the old songs, For visions come a-gain Of gold-en dreams de-

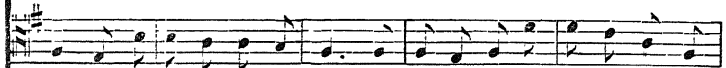
1st and 2nd Bass.



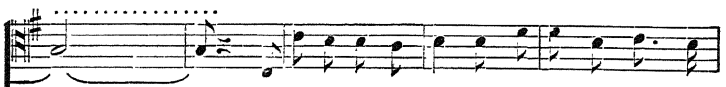
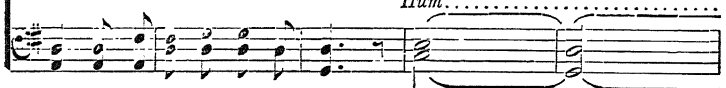
Hum.....



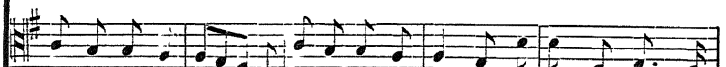
fail me, And foolish tears would flow: For by-gone hours come o'er my heart With

wa-ken old sorrows from their sleep; And tho' all un-for-got-ten still, And
part-ed, And years of wea-ry pain: Per-haps when earthly fet-ters all Have

Hum.....



each fa-mil-iar strain; I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-

sad-ly sweet they be I can-not sing the old songs, They are so dear to
set my spir-it free, My voice may know the old songs For all e-ter-ni-

I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.

rit e dim.

gain; I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.

me. I can-not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.

ty; My voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

139

The Old Folks.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER

Woodbury, arr.

m

1. Bat-tling with life? Mid care and strife, The dail-y round of toil I un - der-

2. Long years have gone Since in the morn Of life I heard the riv-er's gen-tle

3. Dell, hill and tree, Flow'r, bird and bee, All as of yore make mu-sic sweet and

f

go; Yet mem'-ry will wander, Fonder and fond-er, To the dear old folks I

flow; And oft mem'-ry lin-gers As point Time's fingers The dear old folks I

low; And tho' on earth riv'n, I hope to meet in heav'n The dear old folks I

p a rall.

loved long a - go, To the dear old folks I loved long a - go.

loved long a - go, Yes, the dear old folks I loved long a - go.

loved long a - go, Meet the dear old folks I loved long a - go. (long ago.)


Deck the Hall With Holly.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

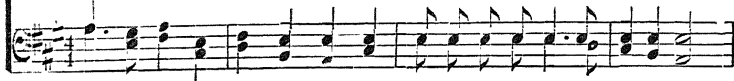
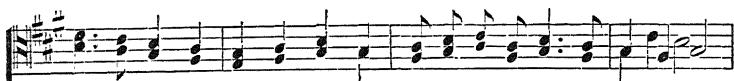
Welsh air.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1916 BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.



Arr. for this work.



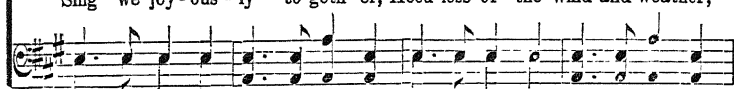

1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 2. See the blaz-ing yule be-fore us, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 3. Fast a - way the old year pass-es, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

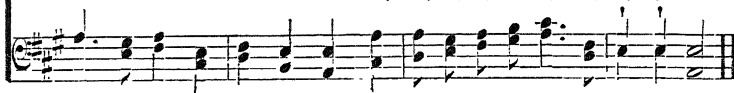
'Tis the sea-son to be jol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 Strike the harp and join the chor-us; Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 Hail the new, ye lads and lass-es, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Don we now our gay ap-par-el, Troll the an-cient Christmas car - ol,
 Fol-low me in mer-ry measure, While I tell of Christmas treasure,
 Sing we joy-ous - ly to-geth-er, Heed-less of the wind and weather,

Troll the an-cient Christmas car - ol, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 While I tell of Christmas treas-ure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 Heed-less of the wind and weath-er, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.



The 'Phone Bell.

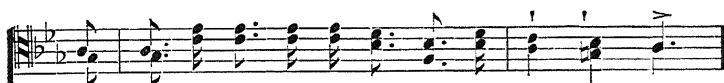
Newark News.

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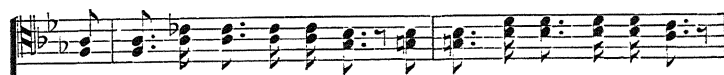
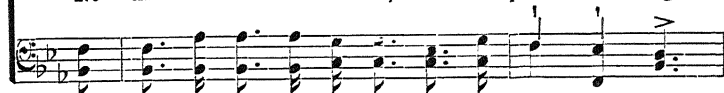
J. B. Herbert.



1. She ran to cook his pan-cakes, And the 'phone bell rang.
2. She tried to dress the chil-dren, And the 'phone bell rang.
3. The groc - er stopped for or - ders, And the 'phone bell rang.
4. All day the housework wait - ed, And the 'phone bell rang.



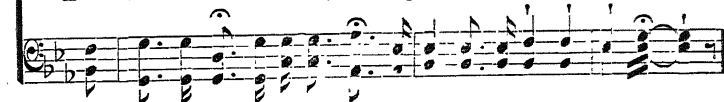
She rushed to start the cof-fee, And the 'phone bell rang.
 She went to wash the dish-es, And the 'phone bell rang.
 A neigh-bor came for gos-sip, And the 'phone bell rang.
 No time to rest or la-bor, When the 'phone bell rang.



Break-fast, he went with-out it; "Good-bye," they had to shout it;
 The par-lor need-ed dust-ing, The chaf-ing dish was rust-ing,
 She thought by be-ing hast-y She'd make some bis-cuits tast-y,
 At last he came to fold her With-in his arms, he told her;



She would have wept about it, But the 'phone bell be-gan to ring. r-r-r-r-r-ring!
 The sil-verware disgusting, But the 'phone bell be-gan to ring. r-r-r-r-r-ring!
 Her hands with dough were pasty, And the 'phone bell be-gan to ring. r-r-r-r-r-ring!
 A sec-ond he consoled her, And the 'phone bell be-gan to ring. r-r-r-r-r-ring!

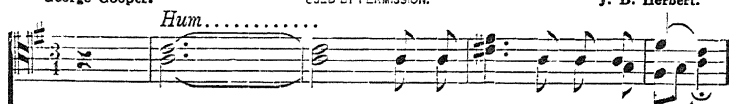


142 While the Days Are Going By.

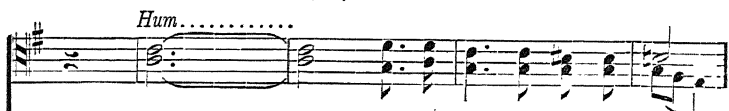
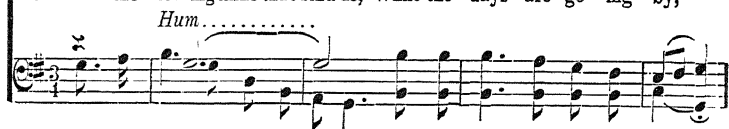
George Cooper.

USED BY PERMISSION.

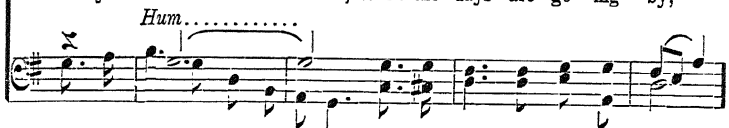
J. B. Herbert.



1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
2. There's no time for i-dle scorn-ing, While the days are go-ing by;
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;



There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
 Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go-ing by;
 One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;



If a smile we can re-new, As the jour-ney we pur-sue,
 O the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes,
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,



O the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
 Help your fal-len broth-er rise, While the days are go-ing by.
 And will keep our hearts a-glow, While the days are go-ing by.
 go-ing by.

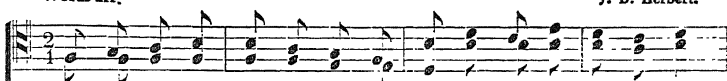


Pulling Hard.


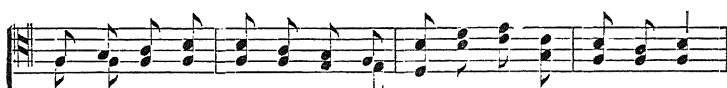
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. B. HERBERT.

Words arr.


J. B. Herbert.




1. Do your best for one an - oth - er, Mak - ing life a pleas - ant dream;
 2. If the wind is in your fa - vor, And you've weathered ev - 'ry squall;
 3. Some suc - ceed at ev - 'ry turn - ing, For - tune fa - vors ev - 'ry scheme;
 4. Don't give way to fool - ish sor - row, Time will bring a just re - ward;



Help a worn and wea - ry broth - er, Pull - ing hard a - gainst the stream.
 Think of those whose luck - less la - bor, Nev - er get fair wind at all.
 Oth - ers too, tho' more de - serv - ing, Have to pull a - gainst the stream.
 Nev - er care or trou - ble bor - row, But just keep on pull - ing hard.




CHORUS.



Pull - ing hard, pull - ing hard, pull - ing hard a - gainst the stream!

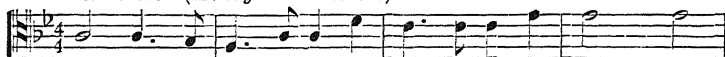
Pull - ing hard, pull - ing hard, pull - ing hard a - gainst the stream!



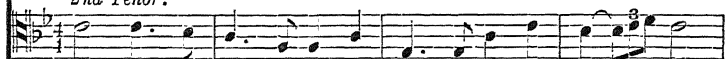
Movement of arms in imitation of rowing will be effective; pull at each pulse marked

Way Back On Mem'ry's Wall.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

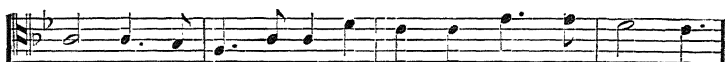
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.Irish Melody
Arr. by J. B. Herbert.*1st Tenor. (Melody in 2nd tenor.)*

1. Way back on mem'ry's wall, are old fa-mil - iar pla - ces;

2nd Tenor.

2. Way back on mem'ry's wall, To - night my thoughts are turn - ing;

3. Thoughts bring from yonder past, Words that long since were spo - ken;

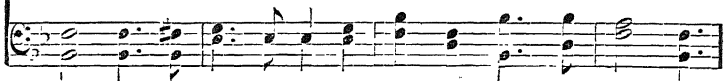
1st and 2nd Bass.

But sweet - er far than all Are home and kin - dred fa - ces.



And scenes that I re-call, Like al - tar fires are burn - ing.

And I re - call at last, Vows that long since were bro - ken.

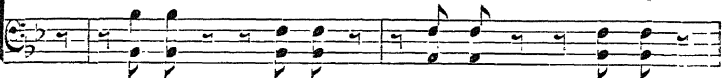


(1) O let me gaze on those old days,




O let	me gaze	on those	old days,	Filled
The days	of youth,	of love	and truth,	All
But still	I find	that to	my mind,	Those


(1) O let me gaze on those old days,



Way Back On Mem'ry's Wall.

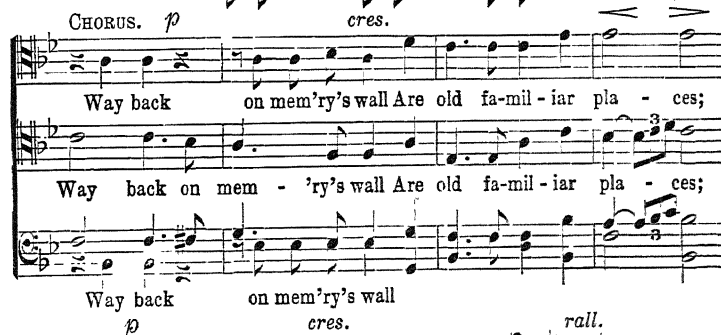


Filled up with joy and sor-row; For to my heart
 up with joy and sor - row; For to my heart it
 seem to come be-fore me; And O, to me 'tis
 scenes are dear as ev - er; The hopes and fears of
 Filled up with joy and sor-row; For to my heart



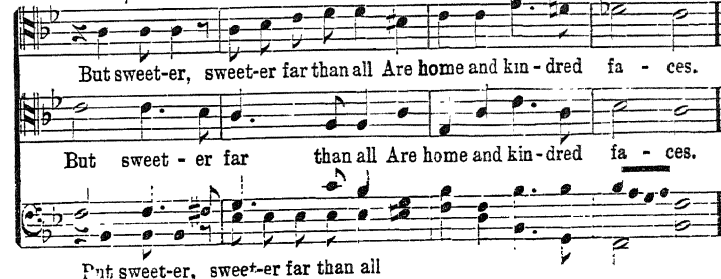
it will im-part Strength for the work to-mor-row.
 will im-part Strength for the work to-mor - row.
 sad to see How swift the years pass o'er me.
 by - gone years I can for-get them nev - er.
 it will im-part Strength for the work to-mor-row.

CHORUS. *p* *cres.*



Way back on mem'ry's wall Are old fa-mil - iar pla - ces;
 Way back on mem - 'ry's wall Are old fa-mil - iar pla - ces;
 Way back on mem'ry's wall

p *cres.* *rall.*



But sweet-er, sweet-er far than all Are home and kin - dred fa - ces.
 But sweet - er far than all Are home and kin - dred fa - ces.
 But sweet-er, sweet-er far than all

145 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Arr. for this work.

1st Tenor. *p*

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;

2nd Tenor.

2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine:

1st and 2nd Bass.

Se-cure I rest up-on the wave..... For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to

Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath,..... Roused me from sleep, to wreck and

up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, O
its fi-ery breath, Roused me from sleep, from

save

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
In o - cean caves, still safe with Thee,

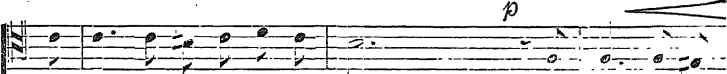
death:

I know Thou wilt not, wilt not slight my call,
In o - cean caves, still safe, still safe with Thee,

Lord hast pow'r to save;
sleep to wreck and death:

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

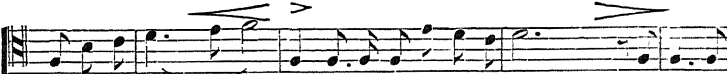
p



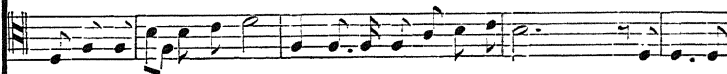
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall: And calm and peace-
The germ of im-mor-tal-i - ty,




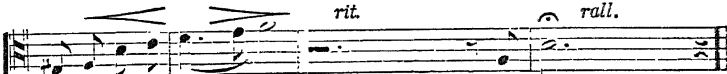
For Thou dost mark, dost mark the sparrow's fall. And calm and peace-
The germ, the germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty.

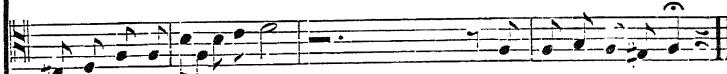
ful is my sleep..... Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep; And calm and




ful is my sleep, is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and
sleep..... of the deep;

peace-ful is my sleep the deep.



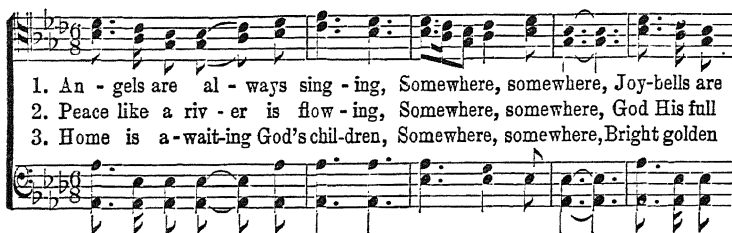
peaceful is my sleep, is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
sleep..... the cra-dle of the deep.



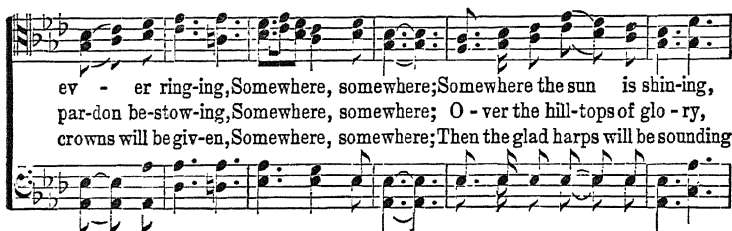
A. W. S.

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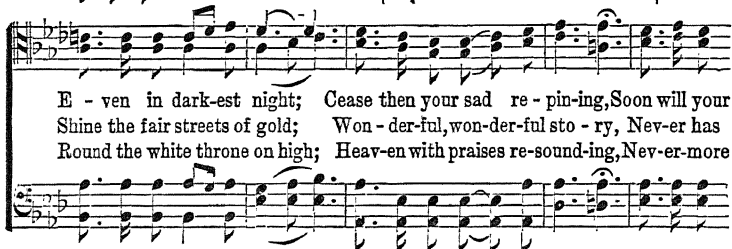
Arthur W. Spooner.



1. An - gels are al - ways sing - ing, Somewhere, somewhere, Joy-bells are
 2. Peace like a riv - er is flow - ing, Somewhere, somewhere, God His full
 3. Home is a - wait - ing God's chil - dren, Somewhere, somewhere, Bright golden

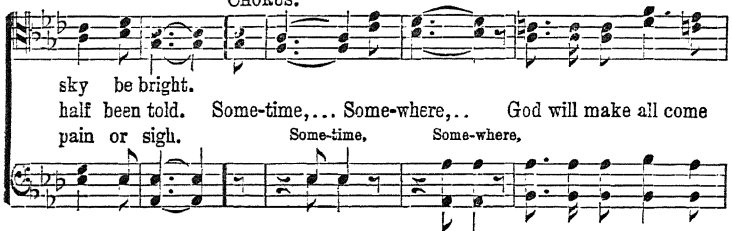


ev - er ring - ing, Somewhere, somewhere; Somewhere the sun is shin - ing,
 par - don be - stow - ing, Somewhere, somewhere; O - ver the hill - tops of glo - ry,
 crowns will be giv - en, Somewhere, somewhere; Then the glad harps will be sounding

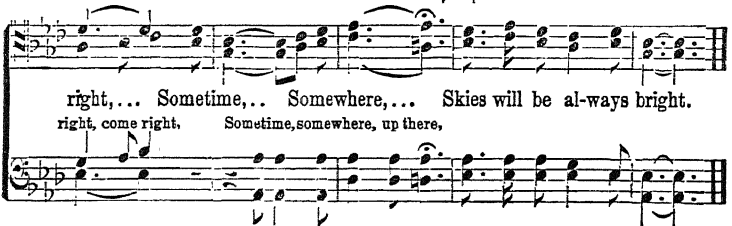


E - ven in dark - est night; Cease then your sad re - pin - ing, Soon will your
 Shine the fair streets of gold; Won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry, Nev - er has
 Round the white throne on high; Heav - en with praises re - sound - ing, Nev - er more

CHORUS.



sky be bright.
 half been told. Some - time, ... Some - where, ... God will make all come
 pain or sigh. Some - time, Some - where,



right, ... Sometime, ... Somewhere, ... Skies will be al - ways bright.
 right, come right. Sometime, somewhere, up there,

Break, Break!

Tennyson.

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J. B. Herbert.

mf-

1. Break, break, break! O break on thy cold gray stones, O sea!.....
2. Break, break, break! O break at the foot of thy crags, O sea!.....

And I would that my tongue could ut - ter The thoughts that
But the ten - der grace of a day that is dead Will nev - er
And I would that my tongue could ut - ter The tho'ts that
But the ten - der grace of a day that is dead Will nev - er

rit e dim. a tempo.

a - rise in me..... O well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts with his
come back to me..... And the state - ly ships go on To their ha - ven

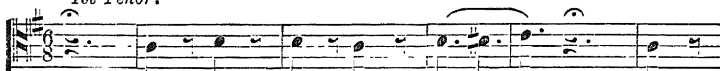
sis-ter at play! O well for the sail - or, sail - or lad That he sings in his
un-der the hill: But O for the touch of a van-ished hand, And the sound of a

boat on the bay! Break, break, O break on thy cold gray stones, O sea!.....
voicethatis still! Break, break, O break at the foot of thy crags, O sea!.....

Love's Young Dream.

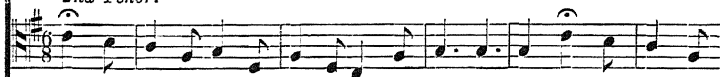
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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

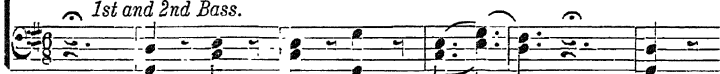
1st Tenor.

la, la, la, la, Oh..... la,

1. O the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain wove: When my dream of
2nd Tenor.



2. O that hallowed form is ne'er forgot Which first love traced, Still it ling'-ring
1st and 2nd Bass.



La, la, la, la, Oh..... la,



la, la, la, la, la,

life from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, and days may come



haunts the greenest spot On mem - 'ry's waste! 'Twas o - dor fled as soon as shed;



la, la, la, la, la, la,



Of mild-er, calm-er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's

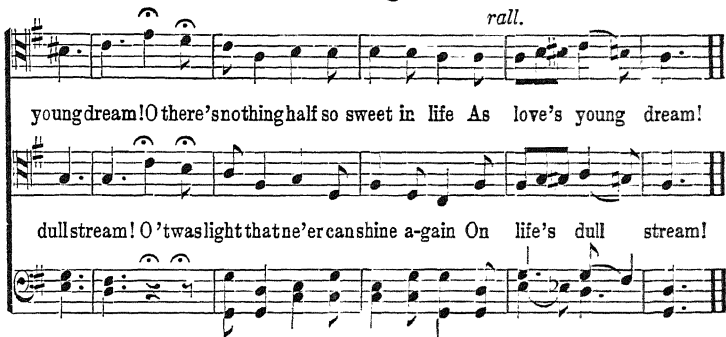


'Twas morning's winged dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's



Love's Young Dream.

rall.



young dream! O there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

dull stream! O 'twas light that ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull stream!

149

Hush! Be Still As a Mouse.*

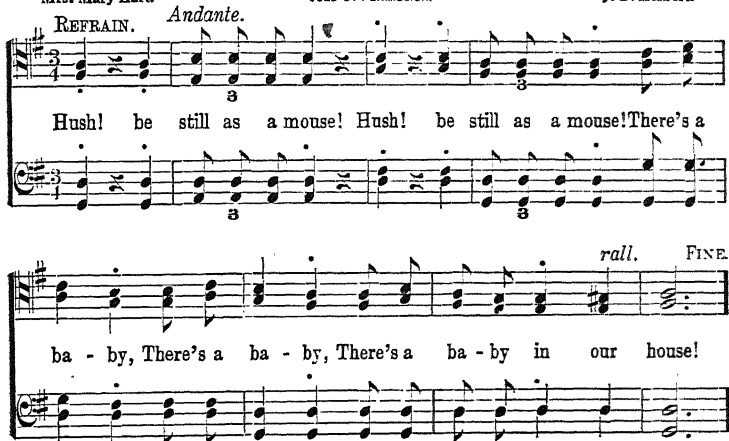
Mrs. Mary Hart.

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J. B. Herbert.

Andante.

REFRAIN.

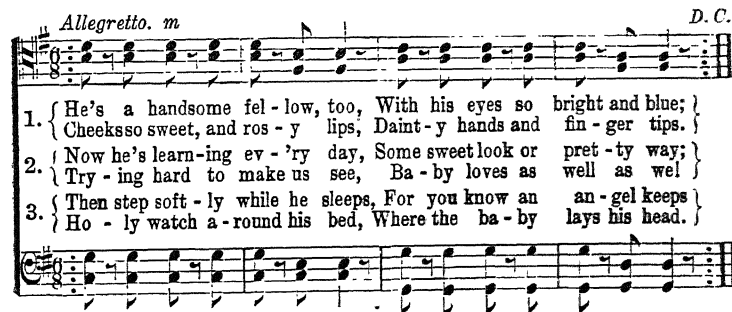


Hush! be still as a mouse! Hush! be still as a mouse! There's a

ba - by, There's a ba - by, There's a ba - by in our house!

Allegretto. m

D. C.



1. { He's a handsome fel - low, too, With his eyes so bright and blue; }
 { Cheeks so sweet, and ros - y lips, Daint - y hands and fin - ger tips. }

2. { Now he's learn - ing ev - 'ry day, Some sweet look or pret - ty way; }
 { Try - ing hard to make us see, Ba - by loves as well as we! }

3. { Then step soft - ly while he sleeps, For you know an an - gel keeps }
 { Ho - ly watch a - round his bed, Where the ba - by lays his head. }

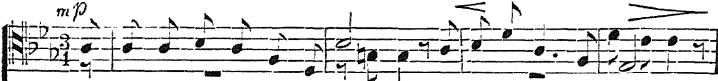
*Quartet may tip-toe on and off the stage as they sing the refrain—one step to a measure.

It Isn't Raining Rain.

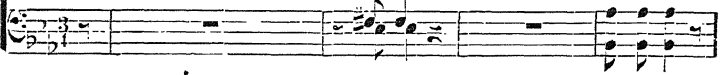
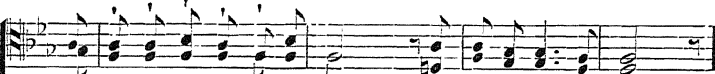
Robert Loveman.

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Arr. for Male Voices by
J. B. Herbert.

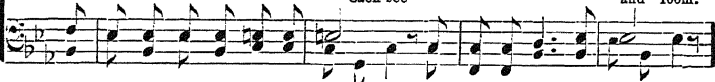
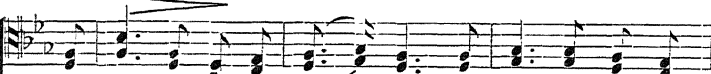
mp



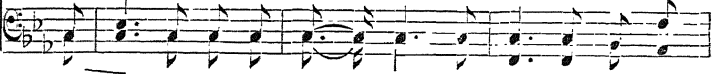
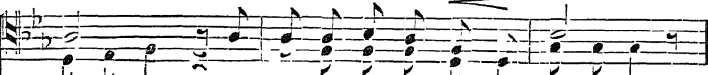
1. It is-n't rain-ing rain to me, It's raining daff- o - dils;
to me, daff - o - dils;
2. It is-n't rain-ing rain to me, It's raining clo - ver bloom,
to me, clo-ver bloom,

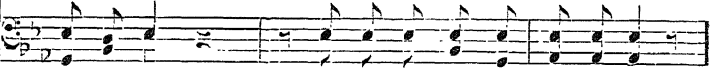
In ev-'ry dimpled drop I see Wild flowers on the hills.
Where ev-'ry buc-ca-neer-ing bee I see the hills.
each bee May find a bed and room, and room.

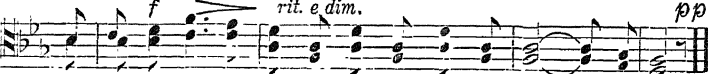
The clouds of gray en - gulf the day, And o - ver-whelm the
A health un - to the hap - py! A fig for him who


town (the town). It is - n't rain-ing rain to me!
frets (who frets)! It is - n't rain - ing rain to me!



f *rit. e dim.* *pp*




1. It's rain-ing ros - es down, It's rain-ing ros - es, ros - es down.
2. It's rain-ing vi - o - lets, It's rain-ing, rain-ing vi - o - lets.
1. It's rain-ing ros - es down, It's rain-ing ros - es down.
2. It's rain-ing vi - o - lets, It's rain-ing vi - o - lets.




Fairy Moonlight.

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Rewritten for this work.

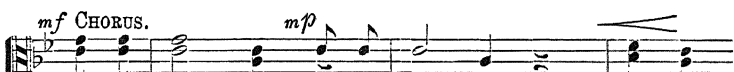


1. Queen of the si - lent night, Yield thy pen - sive light;
2. Beam from thy throne on high, Robed in az - ure dye.



Hap - pi - ly in thy sil - ver ray, Pass we the hours a - way.
Must we not love thee, still moon-light? Hail to thee, Queen of night!

mf CHORUS. *mp*



Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y moon -



fair - y, fair - y moon - light. Fair - y moon - light, fair - y
light.



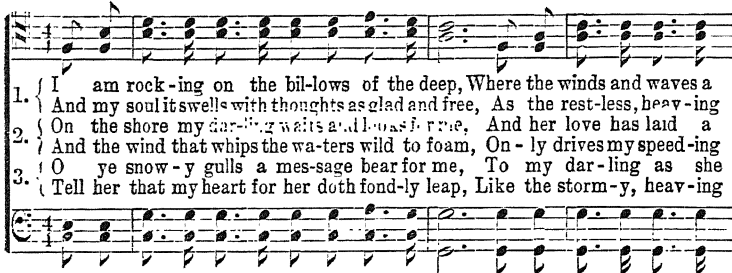
moon - light, Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon-light.
Fair - y moon - - - - light.

Rocking On the Billows.

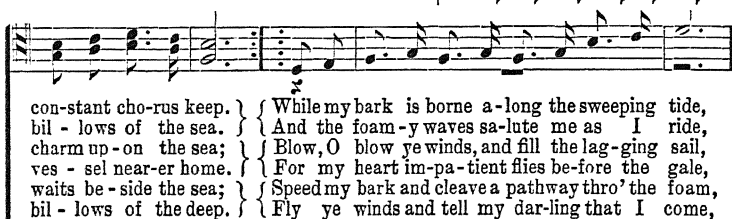
H. S. Taylor.

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Arr. by J. B. Herbert.



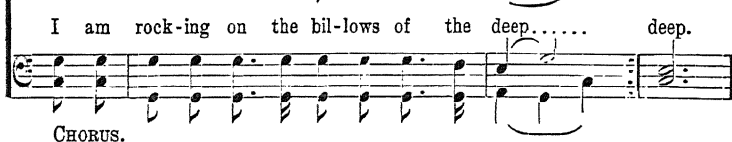
1. { I am rock-ing on the bil-lows of the deep, Where the winds and waves a
And my soul it swells with thoughts as glad and free, As the rest-less, heav-ing
2. { On the shore my dar-ling waits and long-suffer-ing, And her love has laid a
And the wind that whips the wa-ters wild to foam, On-ly drives my speed-ing
3. { O ye snow-y gulls a mes-sage bear for me, To my dar-ling as she
Tell her that my heart for her doth fond-ly leap, Like the storm-y, heav-ing



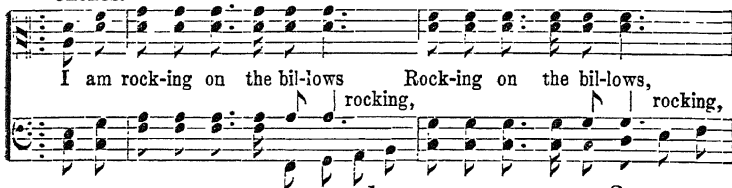
con-stant cho-rus keep. } { While my bark is borne a-long the sweep-ing tide,
bil-lows of the sea. } { And the foam-y waves sa-lute me as I ride,
charm up-on the sea; } { Blow, O blow ye winds, and fill the lag-ging sail,
ves-sel near-er home. } { For my heart im-pa-tient flies be-fore the gale,
waits be-side the sea; } { Speed my bark and cleave a pathway thro' the foam,
bil-lows of the deep. } { Fly ye winds and tell my dar-ling that I come,



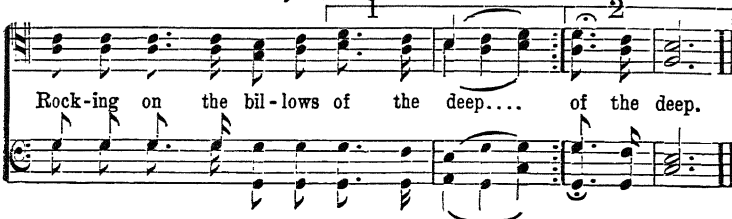
I am rock-ing on the bil-lows of the deep..... deep.



CHORUS.



I am rock-ing on the bil-lows Rock-ing on the bil-lows,
rocking, rocking,




Rock-ing on the bil-lows of the deep.... of the deep.

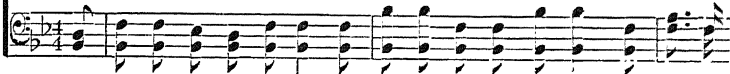
Until We Stop the Brewing.

Rene Bronner.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

- 
1. Un - til we stop the brewing, we don't know what they're doing—This town or
 2. Un - til we stop the brewing, we don't know what they're doing— No whiskey
 3. Un - til we stop the brewing, 'most anything they're do - ing—The boys down




that may seem to be A place where all from drink are free, You'll wake and say "it
sign up - on the door, No keep-er there the stuff to pour, But they will get it
town of evenings go, The husbands take a stroll, you know, And where they drink we'll

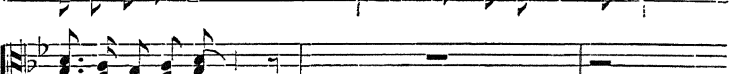
CHORUS.



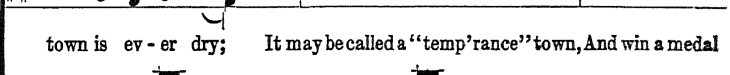
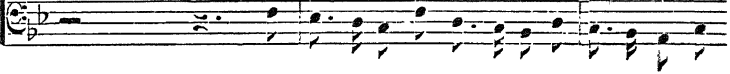
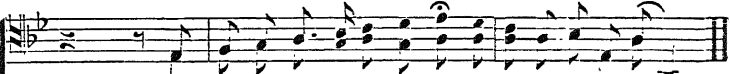
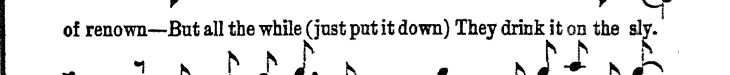
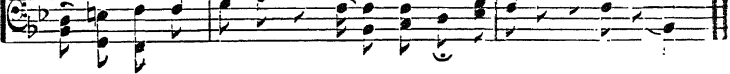
cannot be, un - til we stop the brewing."
as be-fore, un - til we stop the brew-ing. Un - til we stop the brew-ing—No
nev-er know un - til we stop the brew-ing.



town is ev - er dry; It may be called a "temp'rance" town, And win a medal



of renown—But all the while (just put it down) They drink it on the sly.

Prohibition Band Wagon.

J. B. H.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. { O de Pro - hi - bi - tion Band Wag-on's roll - in' right a - long;
 { If you want to hear de shout - in', and jine us in de song;
 2. { Brud - der, what you do - in' down dar wid all dat whis - key crew?
 { Git right up here in de Band Wag - on, dat's de place for you;
 3. { O you weak-kneed pol - i - ti - cian, jes' take a hint from me;
 { Be a man, or be a mon - key dat climb up in de tree;
 4. { If dey's a - ny hes - i - tat - in', or doubt - in' Chris - tian lef',
 { O you ought to be a - shamed, and go off an' drown yo' - se'f.

Git in de wag - on, Don't hang a - long be - hin'.

Git in, git in de Pro - hi - bi - tion Band Wag-on; Git in, git in, Don't

hang a - long be - hin'; O, hang a - long be - hin', Don't hang a - long be - hin'.

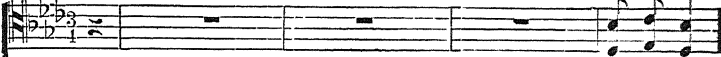
*Last time, Bass very slow; others leave stage.

It Will Get You.


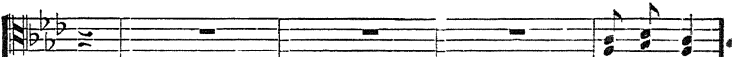
James Rowe.

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J. B. Herbert.




1. You're tak - ing just a glass a day, And may - be on the sly,
2. One glass will lead to five or ten, As oft it has be - fore;
3. The risk it can - not be de - nied, Is ve - ry, ve - ry great!



"I need it for my nerves," you say, 'Twill get you by and by.
And those who brew the poi - son then, Will have one vic - tim more.
Come o - ver to the bet - ter side Be - fore it is too late.



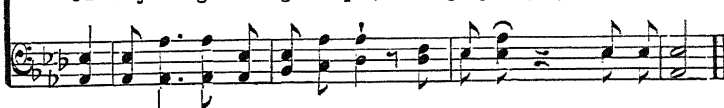
CHORUS.



'Twill get you, by and by, my friend, You know it, so do I;

Un - less you've grit e - nough to quit, 'Twill get you, get you, by and by.



Comrades in the Conflict.

Anon.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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from the German.

1. O my com-rades in this con-flict of the fight a-against the wrong,
2. We are com-ing we are com-ing, for the light has dawned at last;

To the bat-tle of the bal-lots come with shout-ing and with song;
Hark! the bat-tle-cry is ring-ing, and our lines are length'ning fast,

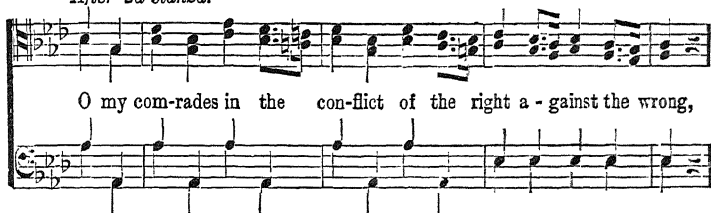
This, O this shall be our slo-gan as the le-gions march a-long,
For our God and home and native land shall our bal-lots all be cast,
This, O this shall be our slo-gan as the legions march a-long, Yes,
For our God and home and na-tive land our ballot shall be cast, Yes,

2
long: Saloons must go, Sa-loons must go!
cast: Saloons must go, Saloons must go! The whis-ky

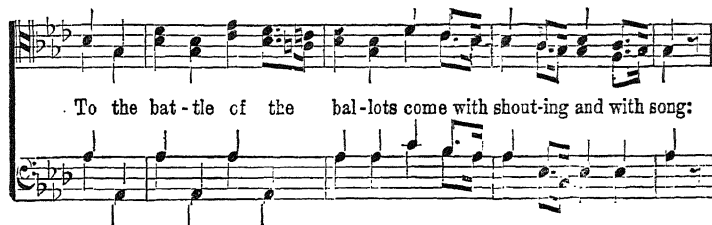
D.C. to 2nd stanza.
The whis-ky shops, The whis-ky shops must go!
shops, The whis-ky shops, they must go, must go!

Comrades in the Conflict.

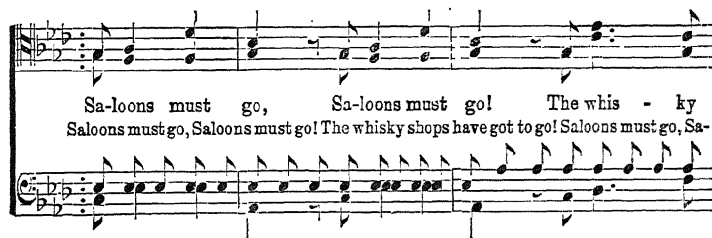
After 2d stanza.



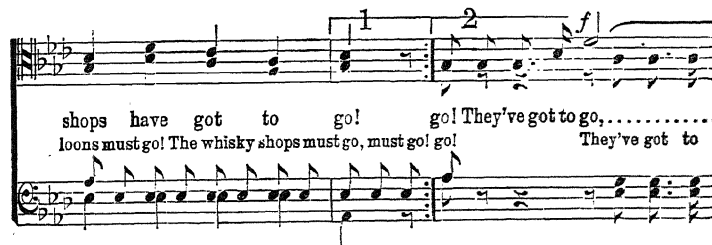
O my com-rades in the con-flict of the right a - gainst the wrong,



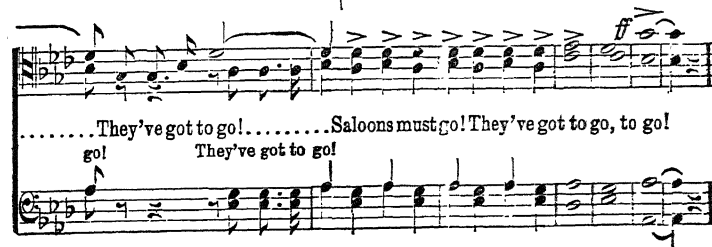
To the bat-tle of the bal-lots come with shout-ing and with song:



Sa-loons must go, Sa-loons must go! The whis - ky
Saloons must go, Saloons must go! The whisky shops have got to go! Saloons must go, Sa-



shops have got to go! go! They've got to go,.....
loons must go! The whisky shops must go, must go! go! They've got to



..... They've got to go!..... Saloons must go! They've got to go, to go!
gol They've got to go!

Special Selections.

157

Launch Thy Bark, Mariner!

Caroline B. Southey.
m Allegro moderato.

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J. B. Herbert.

Launch thy bark, mariner! Christian, Heav'n speed thee, Let loose the rudder bands!

Good an-gels lead thee! Set thy sails wa-ri-ly, tempests will come; Steer thy course

stead -i-ly! Christian, steer home! { Look to the weather bow, breakers are round thee! }
{ Let fall the plummet now, shadows may ground thee! }

cres. *mp Andante.*
{ Reef in the fore-sail there, hold the helm fast! } What of the night, watchman?
{ So— let the ves-sel wear! there swept the blast. }

m
What of the night? "Cloudy—all qui-et—no land yet—all's right." Be wakeful, be

Launch Thy Bark, Mariner!

rit.

vig-i-lant, dan-ger may be At an hour when all seemeth se-cur-est to thee.

p > agitato.

{ How—gains the leak so fast? clear out the hold! } There let the in-gots go!
 { Hoist up thy mer-chandise,—heave out the gold! }

now the ship rights: Hur - rah! the har-bor's near,—lo, the red lights!

cres. *ff*

{ Slack-en not sail yet at in - let or is-land, } Crowd all thy can - vas on.
 { Straight for the beacon steer, straight for the highland; }

slower. *dim.*

cut thro' the foam, Chris-tian! cast an - chor now; Heav'n is thy home!

Behold I Show You a Mystery.

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J. B. Herbert.

1. Cor. 15:51,52.

Deliberately.

Be-hold, I show you a mys-ter-y..... We shall

Not all sleep, ..l be chang-ed,
not all sleep,..... But we shall all be chang-ed,

Agitato. p

In a mo-ment, in a mo-ment, in the twink-ling of an eye,

In a mo-ment, in a mo-ment, in the twink-ling of an eye,

At the last trump! For the trum-pet, the trum-pet shall sound..... And the

At the last trump! For the trum-pet, the trum-pet shall sound..... And the

Behold I Show You a Mystery.

dead shall be raised in - cor-rupt - i - ble; At the last trump! For the

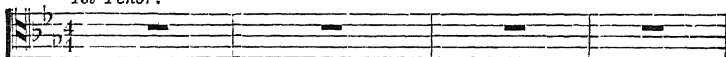
And the dead shall be raised in-cor-rupt - i - ble,
trum-pet, the trumpet shall sound.....

And we shall all be chang - - ed, shall all be chang - - ed.

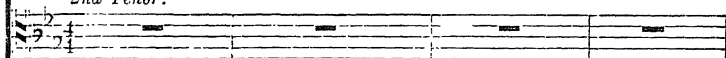
In a mo - ment, in a mo - ment, In a mo-ment, in a

mo - ment, In the twink - ling of an eye.

1st Tenor.



2nd Tenor.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,

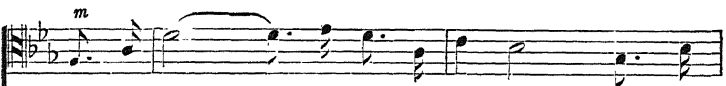
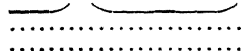
1st and 2nd Bass.



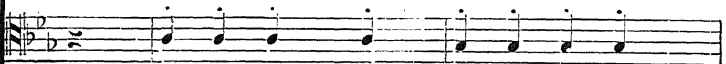
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers 'round its head sub-lime.



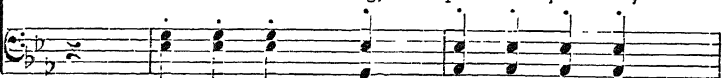
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus - tre to the day.



When the woes..... of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-
 Bane and bless - - ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the

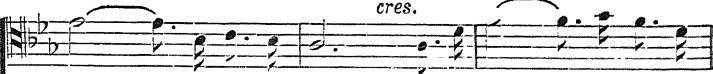


When the woes of life o'er-take me,
 Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas-ure,



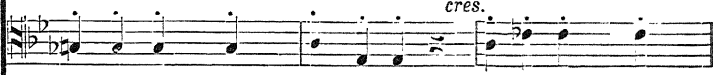
In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

cres.

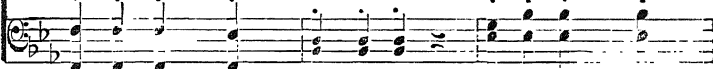


ceive..... and fears an- noy, Nev-er shall.... the cross for-
cross..... are sanc-ti- fied; Peace is there.... that knows no

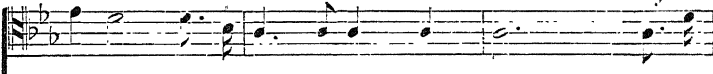
cres.



Hopes de-ceive and fears an- noy, Nev-er shall the
By the cross are sanc- ti- fied, Peace is there that

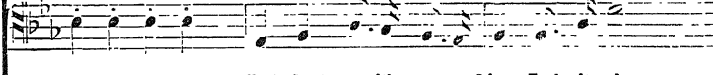


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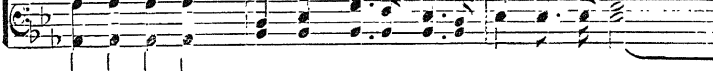


sake me. Lo! it glows with peace and joy. Lo! it
measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bid; Joys that

f



cross for-sake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy. Lo! it glows.....
knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide; Joys that thro'.....



ff



glows with peace and joy,
thro' all time a - bid,

ff



Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Joys that thro' all time a - bid.

ff



..... with peace and joy, Lo! it glows..... with peace and joy.
..... all time a - bid, Joys that thro' all time a - bid.



Lizzie De Armond.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why should we fret when things go wrong? Sure-ly our Lord can make us strong,
 2. What tho' our path has thorny grown, Nev-er a pain we bear a-lone,
 3. Wea-ry and worn at daylight's close, Seek-ing in vain a sweet re-pose,

O-ver each wound pour heal-ing balm, Out of the storm He brings a calm.
 Down in our hearts should ring a psalm, "Out of the storm He brings a calm."
 Tem-pests of trou-ble ne'er can harm, Out of the storm He brings a calm.

CHORUS.

He brings a calm, a ho-ly calm, That falls on our souls like healing balm,

rit.

Safe-ly we rest with-in His arm, Out of the storm He brings a calm.

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